★ May 30, 1942

THE NEW YORKER

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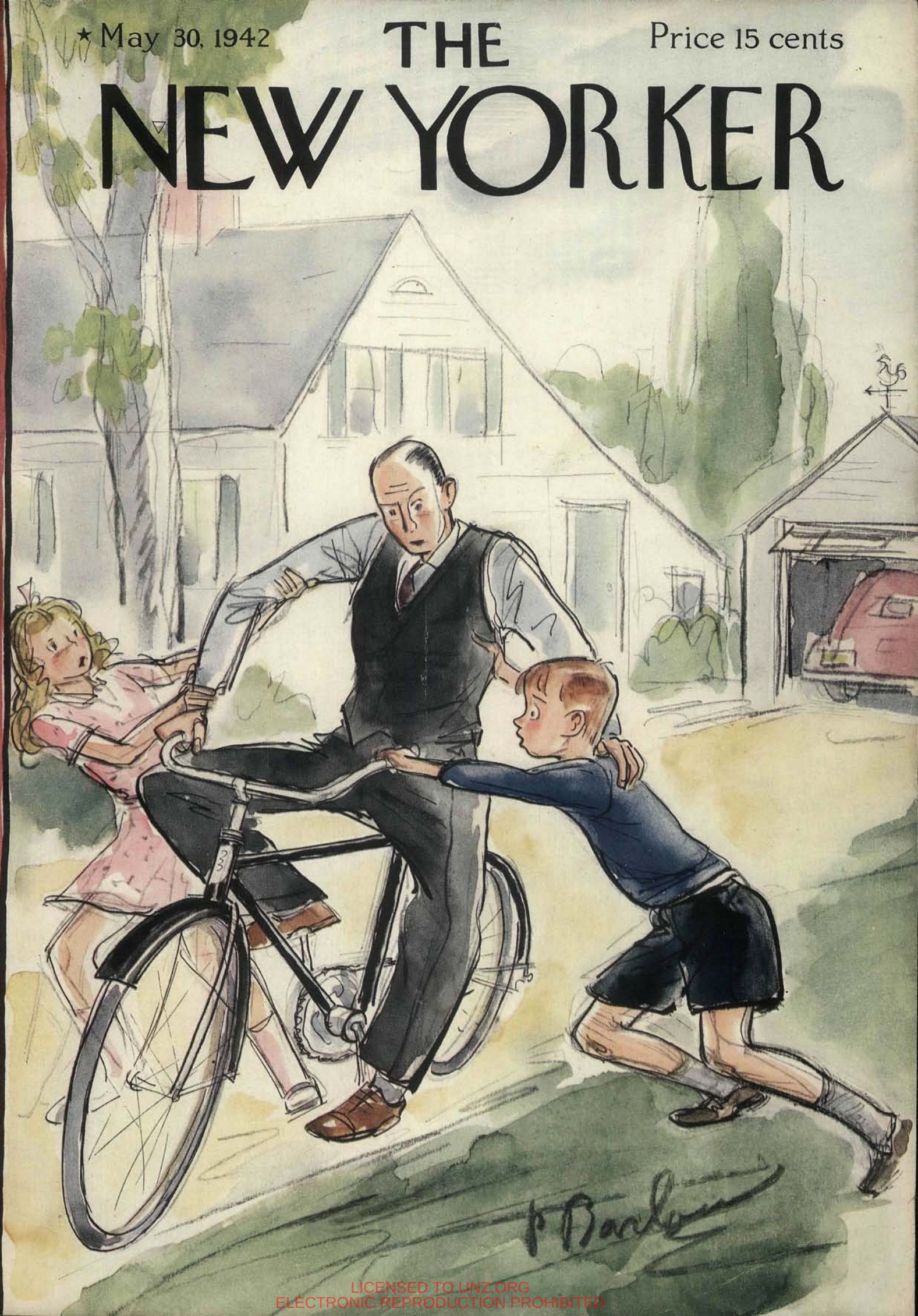

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn, Vincent Price, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff account for most of the slaughter in this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the season's best foreign play. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

CANDIDA—Katharine Cornell, Raymond Massey, and Burgess Meredith in several more special performances of the Shaw play, under the direction of Guthrie McClintic. Sponsored by the American Theatre Wing as a benefit for Army and Navy relief organizations. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, through Sun., May 31, at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

CLAUDIA—A limited return engagement of Rose Franken's comedy of a flighty bride who is brought to face the facts of life. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

GUEST IN THE HOUSE—Mary Anderson, Louise Campbell, and Leon Ames in a rather underrated piece about a terrible young woman who wrecks a tranquil Connecticut household. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

JUNIOR MISS—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are excellent as Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE MOON IS DOWN—John Steinbeck's point is that herd men sometimes win battles but always lose wars. Unfortunately, his play about a conquered country doesn't prove it very convincingly. The cast includes Ralph Morgan, Whitford Kane, and Otto Kruger. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat. May close Sat., June 6.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—Two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, discover that Greenwich Village is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been made into a fine, dizzy comedy, with Jo Ann Sayers, to be replaced by Peggy Knudsen on Wed., June 3, and Shirley Booth. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

SPRING AGAIN—Grace George, C. Aubrey Smith, and Joseph Buloff perform very capably in a fairly comic account of how a lady gets rid of her father-in-law's ghost. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

THE STRINGS, MY LORD, ARE FALSE—An untidy and overcrowded play by Paul Vincent Carroll dealing with the bombing of a town in Scotland. You will surely recognize Walter Hampden, Ruth Gordon, and Colin Keith-Johnston in the distinguished cast. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

UNCLE HARRY—A pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A.P. Kaye may possibly convince you against your better judgment. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

YESTERDAY'S MAGIC—That play about the attempted comeback of an aging and drunken actor. Emlyn Williams, the author; Paul Muni, the star; and the Theatre Guild are hardly to be congratulated. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., May 30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 6.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME—Dorothy Sands, Nicholas Joy, and Celeste Holm in a revival of the William Gillette play as revised by Helen Jerome. Produced by Edith C. Ringling and Mollie B. Steinberg. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

COMES THE REVELATION—A comedy by Louis Vittes, with Will Geer. Produced by John Morris Chanin and Richard Karlan. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. CO 5-9591. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

WITH MUSIC

BEST FOOT FORWARD—George Abbott, who has a way with children, has assembled a lot of them into a very pretty and cheerful comedy about life in a preparatory school. Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane wrote the music and lyrics; Jo Mielziner did the scenery. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Thurs., June 4, at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

KEEP 'EM LAUGHING—A first-rate vaudeville show, with, at the moment, William Gaxton, Victor Moore, the Hartmans, and the most talented dogs in the world. The bill will be considerably revised on Fri., May 29, when Gaxton and Moore will be replaced by Gracie Fields and Walter O'Keefe. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, daily, except Fri., May 29; extra Mat. Sun. at 5:30.)

LADY IN THE DARK—Gertrude Lawrence in something that Moss Hart probably had to get out of his system. Miss Lawrence is superb. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., May 30.)

LET'S FACE IT!—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their escorts is extremely handsome and satisfactory. Eve Arden and Mary Jane Walsh assist Danny the acting. Cole Porter is responsible the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-788 except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40. Wed

PORGY AND BESS—Catfish Row resurrected. time, too. Cheryl Crawford's produc most of the original cast, is a deligh way. Anne Brown will be replaced on ' 31, by Etta Moten. Alexander Smallen the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. C Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2 and Sat.)

PRIORITIES OF 1942—A vaudeville show th appeal to the old enthusiasts. On this w Lou Holtz, Willie Howard, Phil Bak Draper, and Hazel Scott. (46th Street CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:3 extra Mats. Sat. and Sun., May 30-31.

SONS O' FUN—This blood brother to "He pin" cost more, but it is just as strang Libuse and Joe Besser help Olsen and to torment the audience. (Winter Garder at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so yo ter verify the dates and curtain times.)

BY JUPITER—A musical comedy by Richard I and Lorenz Hart, based on "The Warrior band," with Ray Bolger, Constance Moo Benay Venuta. Staged by Joshua Logan a duced by Dwight Deere Wiman, Mr. R and Richard Kollmar. Opens Wed., Ju (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat

MISCELLANY

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The Savoy Opera Co "The Gondoliers," Thurs. through Sat. May 28-30; "Iolanthe," Thurs. through Eves., June 4-6; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Th 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

WAR AND PEACE—As its final production of th son, the Studio Theatre is presenting a d tization of the Tolstoy novel by Alfred Neu Erwin Piscator, Maurice Kurtz, and Harold derson: nightly at 8:30, through Sun., Ma (New School, 66 W. 12. For tickets, call 7-6221.)

LUDMILLA PITOËFF—The French actress-manager pearing in "L'Annonce Faite à Marie," ass by a French cast: Wed. and Thurs. Eves., 3-4, at 8:15. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 6 Av 58. CI 7-7000.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find m or other entertainment. Many of them have fi performers or are closed altogether on either Sun Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before start out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—pleasant warm-weather spot, with music by Ju Lande's orchestra, which also plays there for dancing from 5 to 7.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Ray Hea erton's orchestra provides dance music and cast entertainment in the Bowman Room.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still t place where the patrons stare at each other inste of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra a Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras Joseph C. Smith and Eddie Davis play good tun as they were written.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—There's a danc team, a comedian, and Stanley Melba's orchestr in the Cotillion Room, where waiters in kne breeches give the surroundings a lordly air. Me ba's orchestra plays for tea dancing in the Caf Pierre daily from 5 to 7.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—There is a smal show in the Persian Room, where Dick Gasparre' orchestra will be replaced by Ben Cutler's or Mon., June 1. Tea dancing on Sat. from 5 to 7

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The altitude seems to have no ill effect on Jack Cole and his dancers, who head the show. Music by Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Roof is now open, with Paul Sparr's orchestra providing the music.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is expected back in the Café Lounge any day now; meanwhile, John Hoysradt is filling in. Bob Grant's orchestra plays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Filled with the better-looking uniforms. Charles Baum's orches-

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and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. Ernie st's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily m 5 to 7.

LLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side ce, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Maxllian Bergère's orchestra, Panchito's rumba id, and a show.

ORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The ty Starlight Roof is currently offering Georges d Jalna and Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

R CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—LE BAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): the performers e always a little out of the ordinary, and it's l very satisfactory. . . . SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 'L 3-1518): you'll find Elsie Houston and, of urse, Spivy—both of them well worth a hearing. . LA VIE PARISIENNE, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): the life arisian is depicted mainly in the murals, but here's also a small show. . . . 1-2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54 PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and ther people play gin rummy in this big, low-ceilnged, softly lighted room. . . . TONY'S, 59 W. 52 PL 5-0170): gin rummy here too, as well as iano-playing by Cy Walter and guest entertainers iow and then. . . . PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Pk. 5. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the 'iew of Central Park should make you feel clandestine.

SCELLANEOUS—At LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an easygoing kind of spot, with Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, songs by Maggi McNellis, not much floor space, and everything nice and cozy. . . . LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Emil Coleman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a swing place, with Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, Joe Sullivan, and Eddie South's band; Zero Mostel is there, too. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a Russian program, with folk songs and such. Kris Kay's and Nicholas Matthey's orchestras. . . . ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Tommy Tucker's orchestra will be replaced by Sammy Kaye's on Fri., May 29. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Walter Perner's orchestra. . . . WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a mite of a dance floor and Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . BOSSERT MARINE ROOF, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): quite a trip, maybe, but the view of the harbor is fine on a warm spring evening; Nye Mayhew's orchestra. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of. No dancing. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for songs by Huddie Ledbetter and others. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the LATIN QUARTER, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal at least. . . . LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Jack Harris's orchestra, surrounded by South Americana. . . . HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with Pilar Lopez, through Wed., June 3, and, of course, a rumba band. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): the humor here isn't on the delicate side, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is the mainstay at present. . . . DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Betty Compson, Gilda Gray, and Carlyle Blackwell.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): some of the best musical talent in Greenwich, or any other, Village, including Ammons and Johnson and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Pee Wee Russell at the head of a shifting personnel. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his trio.

AL-FRESCO—At the CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600): Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Some Village places with sidewalk cafés which you might care to drop into if you're down that way: the BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8; the FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9; and LONGCHAMPS, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

BISHOP—City-genre studies in black-and-white, crisp and impeccable in style: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 6.

CALDER—A new set of his "mobile" and "stabile" sculptures, some of them remarkably inventive: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 6.

DOVE—New oils, as boldly patterned and colorful as ever: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through June 10.

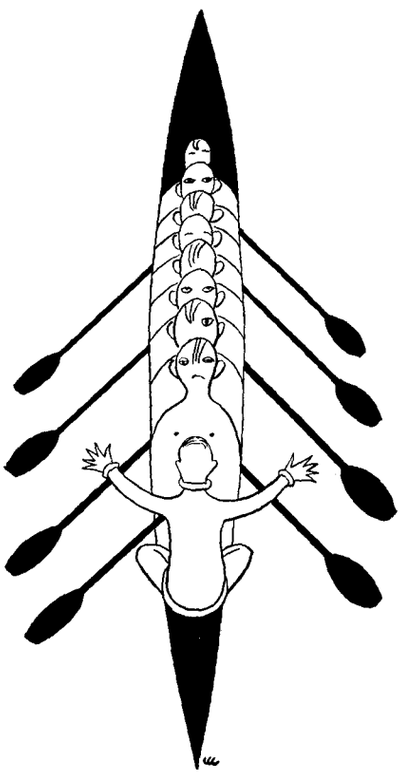
DRAWINGS—At the BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57: varied, extremely spirited selection of drawings, covering most of the well-known modern English, European, and American artists in this field. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 29. . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: mainly French—a group that ranges from Constantin Guys to Picasso. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 29. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington, at 61: drawings of war, from Goya's studies of the Napoleonic invasion of Spain to Otto Dix's equally scarifying first-World War sketches. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 29. . . . ZBOROWSKI, 61 E. 57: drawings by the Spanish sculptor Urbici Soler. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 29.

FRENCH—At DURAND-RUEL, 12 E. 57: oils by Renoir, Degas, Monet, Pissarro, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . ST. ETIENNE, 46 W. 57: lithographs by Honoré Daumier. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 29. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57: loan show of nineteenth-century paintings, from Corot to van Gogh and including a stunning Cézanne; Navy Relief Society benefit. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 29.

GROUPS—At the LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57: a fine still-life by Jean Watson leads a group of paintings by Werner Drewes, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, and others. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 6. . . . HARRIMAN, 63 E. 57: water colors and drawings by Henry Botkin, Patsy Santo, and others. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: paintings by Kroll, Etnier, Sterne, and other contemporary Americans. Daily 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., May 29. . . . WAKEFIELD, 64 E. 55: works by Maxime Kopf, Charles Owens, Tibor Gergely, and other members of this gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., except Memorial Day, 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Aug. 30. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64: works by members of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 10. . . . REHN, 683 5 Ave., at 54: works by Burchfield, Picken, Hopper, and others in this gallery's annual spring show. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., except Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through June 26. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: recent works by Schnakenberg, du Bois, Cowles, and others. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 15.

KLEE—A selection of his paintings, in a rotating show that's been going on all season: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 6.

KOCH—Oils by a painter of still crude but powerful talent: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 5.



KUNIYOSHI—Retrospective loan show of paintings, covering his twenty-year career as an artist in this country; United China Relief benefit: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 29.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—"Cartoons of the Day," an exhibition in which such artists as Gropper, Kirby, Garrett Price, Raemaekers, and Soglow are represented (through June 30); drawings, mostly in color, of textiles, furniture, glass, and ceramics in the Museum's American collection, from the Index of American Design (through Sept. 15); stirring architectural etchings by Piranesi (through Sun., May 31). Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSEUM OF LIVING ART, 100 Washington Sq. E.—Works by Jean Hélion, Carl Holty, Vaclav Vytlacil, and other abstract artists. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.; Sat., except Memorial Day, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through the summer.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Paintings, sculptures, water colors, and prints, donated by the public, are being sold for the benefit of the armed services. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through June 15.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—A show of sculptures and lithographs by members, plus a series of early portraits from the permanent collection. Daily, including Memorial Day, 1 to 6 P.M.; through June 30.

PRIMITIVES—Loan exhibition of outstanding oils and water colors by American leaders in this field: American Primitives, 555 Madison, at 56. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 29.

TCHELITCHEW—Wash drawings, for the most part, all featuring double-image effects and almost too elaborately done: Julien Levy, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., May 29.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Selected sculptures by contemporary Americans and paintings from the Museum's permanent collection; also, drawings of architectural subjects by Hugh Ferriss. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., May 29.

HERE AND THERE—At SACHS, 63 E. 52: "The Animal in Ancient Art," including small sculptures, ceramics, and other archaic objets d'art. Daily, including Memorial Day, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 30. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57: recent paintings by Joseph Stella. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., May 29. . . . HARLOW, KEPPEL, 670 5 Ave., at 53: annual exhibition of the American Print Makers. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., except Memorial Day, 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sat., June 6. . . . AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, 633 W. 155: membership show of paintings, sculptures, and works in other media. Daily, including Memorial Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 19. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64: paintings by Carlos de la Torre and drawings by Ramon Gomez Cornet. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 6. . . . VALENTINE, 55 E. 57: sculptures by Maria. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 29. . . . BIGNOU, 32 E. 57: paintings of Paris by Antoinette Schulte. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 29. . . . KOHN, 608 5 Ave. at 49: gouaches by Lucy Aurino in the first of the annual series of summer exhibitions. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 19. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: paintings on glass by Martha Ryther. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 6.

NOTE—"Dressing Room Doodles," an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, etc., most of them tossed off in a light mood by people prominent in the theatre, music, and radio, will be shown at the Illustrators' Club, 128 E. 63, Mon. through Sat., June 1-6, from 12 noon to 6 P.M.; an American Theatre Wing benefit.

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Horenstein conducting; soloist, Casadesus: Cosmopolitan Opera House, 135 W. 55, Sun. Eve., May 31, at 6. (For tickets, call CO 5-9089, from 2 to 5 P.M.)

NATIONAL GLEE CLUB CONCERTS—The finals of a nation-wide competition among college glee clubs, sponsored by Fred Waring; a U.S.O. benefit: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., May 30, at 8:30, and Sun. Aft., May 31, at 2:30. (CI 7-7460.)

OPERA

MANNES MUSIC SCHOOL—"The Abduction from the Seraglio," Thurs. Eve., May 28, at 8:45. (Mannes School Concert Hall, 157 E. 74. BU 8-0656.)

SALMAGGI COMPANY—"La Traviata," Fri. Eve., May 29; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Sat. Eve., May 30; at 8:30. (Brooklyn Academy, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thurs. Aft., May 28, at 3; Yankees vs. Washington, Fri. Aft., May 29, at 3, and Sat. Aft., May 30 (doubleheader), at 1:30; Yankees vs. Chicago, Tues. through Thurs. Afts., June 2-4, at 3; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Fri. Aft., June

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

5, at 3, and Sat. Aft., June 6, at 2:30. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Giants, Fri. Aft., May 29, at 3, and Sat. Aft., May 30 (doubleheader), at 1:30; Dodgers vs. Boston, Sun. Aft., May 31 (doubleheader), at 2:05. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Sun. Aft., May 31 (doubleheader), at 2:05.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Ray Robinson vs. Marty Servo, 10 rounds, welterweights, Thurs., May 28; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M.

CREW—Syracuse-Cornell, Ithaca, Sat. Aft., May 30; freshmen at 5:50, junior varsity at 6:10, varsity at 6:30.

DOG SHOWS—Bucks County Kennel Club, Doylestown, Pa., Sat., May 30, at 10 A.M. . . . Huntingdon Valley Kennel Club, Elkins Park, Pa., Sat., June 6, at 10 A.M.

GOLF—P.G.A. National Championship, Seaview C.C., Atlantic City, through Sun., May 31. . . . Women's Metropolitan Championship, Lakeville Club, Great Neck, Mon. through Sat., June 1-6. . . . Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Hale America Tournament, Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, N.J., Fri. and Sat., June 5-6.

HORSE SHOWS—Devon Show and Country Fair, Devon, Pa., Thurs., May 28, at 10 A.M., Fri., May 29, at 10:30 A.M., and Sat., May 30, at 9 A.M. . . . Secor Farms Riding Club Show, White Plains, Sun., May 31, at 9 A.M. . . . Tuxedo Show, Tuxedo Park, Fri. and Sat., June 5-6, at 9 A.M.

RACING—Weekdays at Belmont Park, at 2 P.M.; through Sat., June 6. (The Suburban Handicap, May 30; The Belmont, June 6.) Frequent special trains will leave Penn Station daily between 12:15 and 1:30 P.M.

TRACK—Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Meet, Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island, Fri., May 29, at 3 P.M., and Sat., May 30, at 2 P.M.

YACHTING—First of the weekly championship regattas on the Sound: Echo Bay Y.C., Sat. Aft., May 30, at about 1.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—A housing show, complete with sound effects and a running commentary from loudspeakers, arranged with the aid of the National Committee on the Housing Emergency (through June 21); also, photographs, selected by Edward Steichen, showing this nation at war (through Sept. 20): Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M. . . . Films and models touching on many aspects of actual fighting and home defense: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., 6 Ave. at 49. Daily, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

ROLLER-SKATING SHOW—The first professional event of its kind, offered as a substitute for ice shows now that war shortages are making it difficult to freeze indoor rinks. With a Gae Foster-trained chorus on wheels: Madison Square Garden, Wed. through Sat. Eves., June 3-6, at 8:30.

FIRE-FIGHTING IN REVIEW—An exhibition, described as tracing the history of the city's Fire Department "from leather bucket to stirrup pump," which includes actual pieces of equipment as well as models, old and new: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

FASHION EXHIBITION—Twenty-eight up-to-date versions, by Monteil, Rosenstein, Valentina, and other American designers, of costumes portrayed in the Metropolitan Museum's collection of Renaissance art: at the Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through June 30.

ON THE AIR—American Opera Series, Wallenstein conducting: "Tennessee's Partner," Thurs. Eve., May 28; "Four Saints in Three Acts," Thurs. Eve., June 4; at 8, WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Sun Eves. at 9:45, WJZ; Elmer Davis, Mon. Eves. at 11, WABC; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR; Waverley Root, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:30, WINS; William L. Shirer,

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 6.

Sun. Afts. at 5:45, and Tues. Eves. at 11, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Thurs., Sat., and Mon. Eves. at 10, WOR; Dorothy Thompson, Thurs. Eves. at 8:45, WJZ; Wythe Williams, Mon. and Wed. Eves. at 8:30, WHN. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 6 and 8, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; Sun. Afts. at 1:45, WOR; and Sun. Eves. at 7, WJZ.

AUCTIONS—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—Paintings by Inness, Monet, Sisley, and others; Gobelin, Brussels, and Beauvais tapestries; and first editions and other rare books, from the Bendix Foundation collection: Fri. Aft., May 29, at 2. . . . Paintings by such masters as Gainsborough, Boucher, Corot, and Goya, owned by the late Samuel C. G. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Fairchild Sherman, and others: Thurs. Eve., June 4, at 8:15.

KENDE GALLERIES, at Gimbels, B'way at 33—The second part of the art collection of Mrs. Leonard K. Elmhirst, including water colors by Turner; mezzotints, etchings, and drawings by Whistler, Zorn, and other artists; and bronzes by Malvina Hoffman: Thurs. Morn. and Aft., May 28, at 10:30 and 2, and Fri. Aft., May 29, at 2.

NOTE—The Memorial Day Parade will start at Riverside Dr. and 72nd St., Sat., May 30, at 9 A.M. and proceed north to 96th St.

MOTION PICTURES

FANTASIA—Disney, along with Stokowski and his symphony orchestra, Deems Taylor, and all. The current version has been slightly trimmed and its special sound accompaniment toned down to the limitations of the average theatre. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., May 29. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sun., May 31. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., May 30-June 2. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., June 3-4.)

THE GOLD RUSH—Charlie Chaplin's old classic, refurbished, under his supervision, with music and a spoken narrative, and all seeming fresh, like something turned out just this morning. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

IN THIS OUR LIFE—Ellen Glasgow's novel of another Southern family and its troubles with its daughters. Adapted to Bette Davis's icier talents. With Olivia de Havilland, also, and George Brent and Dennis Morgan. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

THE INVADERS—How a Nazi submarine crew thought they would simply snip off Canada and hand it to Hitler, and how, after much travel, they are disappointed. With Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., May 28. . . . Park, Columbus Circle, Sat. through Tues., May 30-June 2.)

KINGS ROW—A major picture, more affecting than entertaining, about the psychopathology of a small American town in the nineteen-hundreds. Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Judith Anderson, Claude Rains, Charles Coburn, and Ronald Reagan. (Art, 36 E. 8; and Beacon, B'way at 75; Thurs., May 28. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through May 29-June 3. . . . Gramercy Park, Lex at 23; Sat. through Wed., May 30-June Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85, through Thurs., May 31-June 4.)

LADY IN DISTRESS—A good English melodrama the added virtue of not being about the Paul Lukas and Michael Redgrave. (Gree Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., 3-5.)

THE MALE ANIMAL—Olivia de Havilland and I Fonda in a bright, expanded version o Thurber-Nugent comedy of campus life. (R 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th S Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 A 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Rive B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and seum, B'way at 181; Fri. through Thurs., 29-June 4.)

THE SPOILERS—The Rex Beach novel of Alaska its Robert W. Service romances, which ar in the least beyond Marlene Dietrich's abil John Wayne and Randolph Scott are among gentlemen concerned. (Capitol, B'way at through Wed., June 3.)

TO BE OR NOT TO BE—Carole Lombard's last film, a surprising and charming comedy of life an theatre people in Poland, with the joke on Gestapo. Jack Benny is very active throug (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through May 29. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; thro Wed., June 3. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, I ington at 52; Mon. through Wed., June 1-3 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; T through Fri., June 2-5.)

TORTILLA FLAT—Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy, John Garfield in an expert and agreeably hanc screen version of the Steinbeck story about C fornia *paisanos*. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 A at 50.)

WOMAN OF THE YEAR—There being no accounting tastes, you may not object to this innocuous li number about a bluestocking who is reformed a red-blooded, two-fisted, he-man sports report Hepburn and Tracy. (Normandie, Park at Thurs., May 28. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; W through Fri., June 3-5.)

REVIVALS

CHAPLIN COMEDIES (1917)—"Easy Street," "T Adventurer," "The Cure," and "The Immigrant (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Tues., M 30-June 2.)

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER (1935)—Gary Coope Franchot Tone, and Richard Cromwell—all lan ers. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon May 30-June 1.)

LOST HORIZON (1937)—The Hilton story. Rona Colman and Margo. (Park, Columbus Circle through Fri., May 29.)

MAJOR BARBARA (1941)—Shaw's film version of h Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Re Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri May 29. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. a 68; Fri. through Mon., May 29-June 1. . . . Sut ton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Tues., May 30 June 2. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. an Tues., June 1-2.)

SIDEWALKS OF LONDON (1940)—English stage people Vivien Leigh and Charles Laughton. (Greenwich Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., May 29.)

WHEN TOMORROW COMES (1939)—Irene Dunne Charles Boyer, labor problems, and hurricanes (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., June 3-5.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing programs of American and European films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—THURS. AND FRI., MAY 28-29: "Stella Dallas" (1925), Ronald Colman, Belle Bennett, Lois Moran, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. SAT. AND SUN., MAY 30-31: two Russian films (1925-26), directed by Pudovkin. MON. AND TUES., JUNE 1-2. "Metropolis" (1926), German film, directed by Fritz Lang. WED. AND THURS., JUNE 3-4: "Moana" (1926), Robert Flaherty documentary film. FRI. AND SAT., JUNE 5-6: "The Black Pirate" (1926), Douglas Fairbanks, Billie Dove, and Donald Crisp.

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. . . and the Army and Navy, too!

WE cheered their heroism, their daring, their never-say-die spirit at Wake Island, for example.

Over and over in conversation, editorials, speeches, and every other form of verbal bouquet we told them how fine we thought they were. And how solidly we stood behind them.

But now comes the time when we've got to tell all that to the Marines and the Army and Navy in *something* more substantial than mere words.

Demonstration—not conversation—is called for now!

We've got to increase and maintain the club-houses which the men can use on their time off. 432 are already operating now. But that's not nearly enough.

We've got to help keep up their spirit by keeping boredom and monotony out of their lives. A fighter needs entertainment for his mind as well as guns for his hands, uniforms for his back, food for his stomach.

The USO camp shows are bringing the world's best entertainment to the armed forces. But we've only started!

Mobile units for troops in remote positions . . . troops-in-transit service at transportation stations . . . book gathering and distributing . . . these are just a few more expanding services the U S O is giving.

For the U S O—and you—are charged with the vital duty of helping keep up morale.

Fighting spirit is a real, a vital, a specific thing. An instrument of war like bullets, bombers, and tanks. Without it no victory can be won.

So it's your move now, Mr. and Mrs. America. That fountain pen you sign your check with is a machine gun today. Will you *start shooting?*

Send your contribution to your local campaign chairman or to National Headquarters, USO, Empire State Bldg., New York City.

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country bumpkins . . . exclusive-with-Altman blouses and skirts in gingham and chambray with ric-rac trim rioting around the dirndl skirts. A colorful, wonderful, washable set of twins Pair off a plaid gingham blouse with a plain chambray skirt OR . . . just reverse the process. Blue or beige, sizes 12 to 16. Skirts, 5.00; blouses, 3.95. Altman blouses and skirts, third floor

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

otes and Comment

WE were interested, as was everybody else, we imagine, to read in the newspapers last week at it was Jimmy Doolittle, the old eed flier, who led the air raid on Jan last month and that there he was, ght in the White House, receiving a edal for it at what the newspapers alled "a surprise ceremony." Even Mrs. Doolittle didn't know why she had een summoned to Washington, according to the *Times*. She thought her husband was in the battle zone until the moment she walked into the White House, after having been flown from the Coast in an Army plane, and saw him standing there, well and safe. Then came the decoration of the hero, then the newspaper photographers and the newsreel men, and finally the release of the news that everybody wanted desperately to hear. As a student of the drama, we found the whole performance somewhat weird and overdrawn, and as a citizen of a democracy at war, we were not grateful for having been informed in this particular manner that the bombing of Japan had been a military success and that none of our fliers had lost their lives. We felt enthusiastic, but groggy—as if, on coming into a theatre to see a new play, we had been asked to applaud the actors vigorously and then to sit ourself down and find out what they had done to deserve our adulation. We suspect the rest of the public felt pretty much the same way. Hooray, however, for Doolittle.

TO go right on with this subject, it is our guess that the aforementioned element of weirdness at that ceremony had its origin in an activity (or state of mind) known as public relations. This is a profession (or viewpoint) which has in relatively recent years come to occupy a position directly between the individual or institution it represents and the press. In other words, if you have something to say to the public through the press, you employ a public-relations man (or a public-relations viewpoint) to tell you *how* you should say what you have to say. The public-relations principle may be used both as a means of minimizing what you have to say and as a means of magnifying, or exploiting, it. In the present instance we are concerned with the latter use.

The usual public-relations method of magnifying or exploiting news is based on the more or less well-meant assumption that the public will appreciate a fact more fully if the fact is somehow dramatized, or dressed up, preferably with photographs. Since the drama of the fact or event itself is not always tangible, or may lie in the distant or recent past, the public-relations principle is to set some kind of stage, arrange some kind of stunt or spectacle, or at least to persuade somebody to do something in front of a camera which is not necessarily logical or attractive but is flashy. Recent examples of public-relations activity in the government were the newspaper photographs and newsreels of Leon Henderson riding a bicycle with his secretary on the handlebars. The object of this stunt was to get the idea across to the public that riding bicycles would save automobile tires. As you can see, public relations, on the whole, is a strange and awesome profession (or point of view) because, while it seeks to woo or hypnotize the public, it frequently succeeds only in arousing suspicion or resentment in the public mind. When you come right down to it, the public-relations profession is not as realistic or as practical as it thinks it is. It is a good deal like the profession of the circus press agent or of the old-fashioned medicine man and is therefore likely to be either cynical or romantic in its attitude toward the public.

NOW, as a student of public relations (we can also ice-skate), it is our opinion that the "surprise ceremony" at the White House was an expression of the romantic phase of the public-relations principle as it appears in the activities of the government today. The drama of the bombing of Japan was the bombing of Japan, just as the drama of the rubber shortage was, and is, the rubber shortage. Yet the public-relations principle demanded some kind of setting for the presentation of the news of the drama of the bombing of Japan because (1) the bombing had occurred a month ago and (2) there were, as yet, no photographs of it. The logical (or non-public-relations) thing to do would have been for the government to announce in a straightforward manner the news that General Doolittle had brought, or had radioed ahead, and then decorate him appropriately when he got to Washington. This the public would have understood and appreciated. But the public-relations principle demanded the manufacturing of some drama and the setting of a stage, with the result, we think, that the public appreciation of General Doolittle's achievement was minimized rather than magnified. We make this assertion on two counts: (1) The public resented the fact that the news of the bombing of Japan was withheld for even one moment after military censorship had been lifted and (2) the public considered it incongruous that a

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hero should have been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor *before* the people had been told what it was he had done to deserve that particular medal. For all these and a good many other reasons, it seems to us that it would be a delightful thing if the government would make up its mind to quit using such methods in its relations with the public and simply outlaw the public-relations principle as an instrument of national policy.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: If there's an air raid, the customers and employees caught in the Chase National Bank's safe-deposit vault, a steel-and-concrete snuggery sixty-seven feet underground, will be herded up to the eighth floor of the building, to the official shelter.

The Son of the Sheik, a restaurant on Washington Street, has this reassuring note on its menu, for the benefit of those who recall with misgivings the proclivities of the character created on the silent screen by Rudolph Valentino: "Ladies Invited and Respected."

The Black Star Publishing Company, a service supplying photographs, which can dig out a picture of almost anything or anybody, has a biggish file headed "Babies." Under "Babies" is a subdivision: "Old Babies."

The Frances Perkins Employment Office is located in Westport, just off the Merritt Parkway.

War Balls

RECONDITIONED golf balls recently made their appearance at Abercrombie & Fitch—eight dollars a dozen, only one dozen to a customer. The best name anybody has found for them is "war balls," but this has not yet been officially adopted; some golfers criticize it as not being lighthearted. Of course, there are plenty of prewar balls around, in shops and players' bags. The trade figures that the pinch won't come until late this summer; sooner or later it will come, inevitably, and the manufacturers are trying to get people to turn in their old balls for reconditioning, offering as bait a fifty-cent War Stamp for every dozen. Most golf balls consist of a hard-rubber sac contain uid, a hundred feet or so of thread wound at fairly high tensi a covering of balata, a special gutta-percha obtained from the tree of South America and the Indies. Without really knowing about it, the manufacturers figur the rubber core ought to be alm good as new and that at least a p the rubber winding will be sp enough to use again. The official ifications are being adhered to— ameter of not less than 1.68 inche a weight of not more than 1.62 ou A reconditioned ball will be a little s than a new one—fine, probably, fo average player. The most tightly w balls, it seems, were designed for t nament players, who have little tro controlling the ball and are after tance.

In the course of history, golf b have been made out of almost eve thing *but* reconditioned rubber. In fifteenth century they were of stitc leather, stuffed with feathers. T gutta-percha balls—solid gutta-perc we mean—came in in 1848 and alm immediately replaced the feather-stuff number. They had one great adva tage in that scars could be repair simply by melting a wax match into t wound. Gutta-percha balls—"gutties in our grandfathers' slang—had, hov ever, an unfortunate tendency to f apart under a well-directed blow. Th disaster was usually covered by groun rules; St. Andrews, for instance, per mitted you to drop a new ball whereve the biggest chunk of the split ball lay Well, time rolled on, and finally, at dinner party in Akron in the year 1898 someone conceived the idea of the rub-ber-centre ball—presumably, since this kind of ball became known as the "Has-kell," a man named Haskell. The Haskell didn't catch on for some three or four years, and when it finally did there was a terrific fuss over patent rights, which resulted in the rights be-coming public. From then on the manu-facturers, to differentiate between one another's product and to make the new season's balls appear superior to the old, began using all sorts of fantastic sub-stances in golf balls. The common ele-ments of rubber core, rubber wrapping, and gutta-percha outside remained, but inside the core ingenious makers put the Lord knows what: four loose steel pel-lets in a celluloid sphere; a celluloid sphere half full of mercury; compressed air; water under pressure; jelly; and (no fooling) soap. These days most

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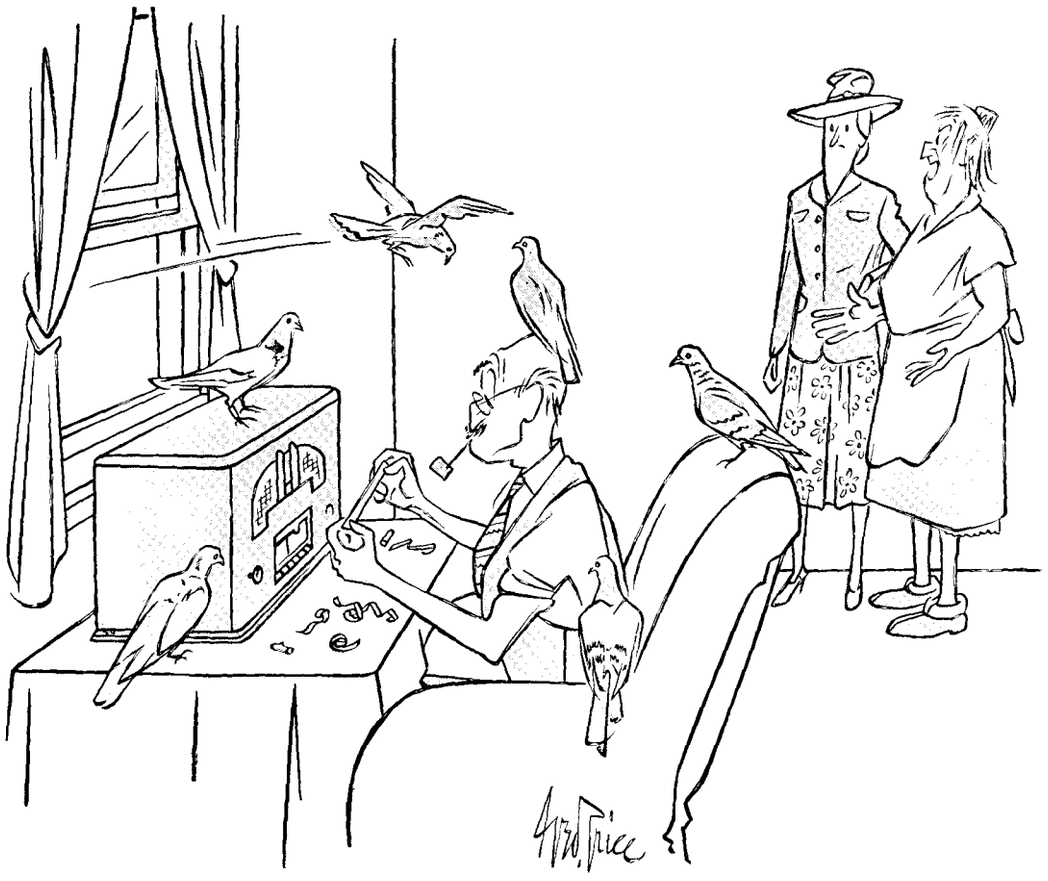
s have a less sensational liq- in the core, though a few lists hold with cores of ey.

Most of us, in our child- od, heard the story that golf ls contain a violent and in- ious acid. This was not com- tely a canard, since one line golf balls actually did con- ı an acid, but the public rm was needless; no golf l ever blew up or injured yone. An oldster at Spald- g's told us that the rumor was its most vigorous around)10), when at least one person lled up every week to ask if ere was really any danger in eing off with one of the new- ngled balls.



"It's the Times' bulletins every hour on the hour, the Daily News' bulletins every hour on the half-hour, and those damn carrier pigeons in between."

• •

Inofficial

ONE mild afternoon last week a man sought relief rom the tension of these stern mes by taking off his shoes nd socks, rolling up his trous- rs, and going wading in one of the fountains of the Rocke- eller Center Promenade, seek- ng further inspiration mean- while from a pint bottle of Scotch. A crowd gathered, watching him intently. Around the corner came a party of sightseers, shepherded by a uniformed guide, who was busily unfurling statistics. Guide and sightseers alike were arrested by the sight of the wader. The sightseers looked trustingly at the guide, and he looked thoughtfully at the drunk. Finally he said, in his beautiful R.C.A. diction, "And what *this* is I have no idea."

Lady Junkie

THE country's need for scrap metals and salvage of all kinds throws glamorous highlights on the figure of Mrs. Miriam Lynn, a pretty young widow who is Greater New York's only junk lady. Mrs. Lynn entered the junk business last September, just in time for the big junk boom but without intuitive foreknowledge of Pearl Harbor and priorities. She just asked herself, one fine day at her home in the Bronx, why the rag-and-bot' game should be the exclusive prerogative of the male. At this time she was a cashier in a clothing store, but her heart wasn't in it. Accordingly she canvassed the field of junk-collecting, making inquiries as to prices and expenses, and concluded that there was a living to be made at it. A down payment on a truck, out of her savings, put her in business and she has thrived. She started with one assistant, a lad who made the rounds with her. Lately she has been able to pay a second employee, leaving herself free to stay home, take incoming phone calls, and attend to the bookkeeping. Being the only lady junk dealer in these parts has never been any special advantage, as far as she can tell, in her dealings with either householders or scrap yards. "They never gave me any extra monetary consideration as a lady," she says.

The City Salvage Committee, the organization which clears all calls from householders anxious to contribute junk to the war effort, and through which we were enabled to establish contact with Mrs. Lynn, gives her her share of calls, but no more than that. She's particularly conscientious about these tips; her men are instructed to go around again if there's nobody home the first time. Under Mrs. Lynn's instructions, they also carry War Stamps to give to patriotic folk who don't want to take money for their offerings. Old junkies tell Mrs. Lynn about treasure-trove they used to find in cellars, but now it's strictly rags, paper, and iron. An average day's take is a ton of paper and several hundred pounds of rags and iron: in money, about twenty-five dollars' worth. Mrs. Lynn's biggest disappointment was the day her two assistants, not so well versed as their employer in the pitfalls of the junk business, came home lugging an iron safe. They didn't know that safes are weighted with concrete and useless as scrap.

Patient

IT is with mixed feelings that we report the case of a certain traffic cop who is under psychiatric treatment for inability to give out tickets, or even to yell at people. O.K. in a prowl car, mind you, but he just can't bring himself to whistle at a speeding motorist. His superiors chided him several times, shocked by his virgin book of summons blanks, and when he finally confessed

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that his difficulty was a psychic one, they sent him to one of the local social-service agencies for a free analysis. Progress, we are sorry (or are we?) to report, is slow. The analyst has as yet been unable to dig up any significant trauma, and the cop appeared at his last session with the analyst with the blushing admission that he had seen his own dentist doing over forty miles an hour but hadn't been able to bring himself to stop him.

Japanese 110

A NOTEWORTHY wartime phenomenon is a sudden interest in the study of the Japanese language. At Columbia, for instance, the enrollment in Japanese 110, the elementary course, is up seven hundred per cent over the peacetime average. Before December 7th, there would be four or five dreamy graduates taking Japanese—librarians, philologists, or historians, most of them. Now there are twenty regular students, and twenty-one in the extension course open to the public. Columbia's Japanese department consists of four scholars, and this sudden boom is taxing their strength. It isn't like instructors in Japanese grew on trees, either; MacLeish declared the other day that there were only three American Nordics in the country who could read and write Japanese—an exaggeration, but when MacLeish thinks that, you can see how bad the situation is. Actually, there are at least ten colleges in this country offering Japanese, or were before Pearl Harbor, but Columbia is the only one in these parts. It has a rather impressive Japanese library, twenty-five thousand volumes. A severe shortage of Japanese-English dictionaries developed with the appearance after midyear of the half-hundred unexpected students, but this was alleviated by an appeal directed to the studious readers of the *Times*' and the *Tribune's* book sections, asking for old Japanese-English dictionaries; twenty were sent in. Now Columbia can accommodate any number of students of Japanese; it has a photostatic edition of the dictionary.

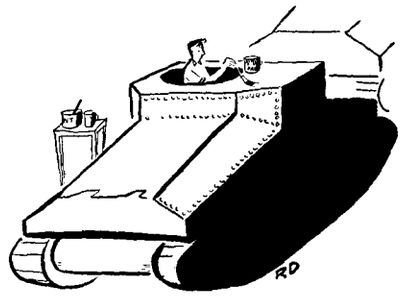
Japanese is written by means of thirty-five thousand ideographs (an ideograph, to be elementary in the matter, is the sort of thing you see on a laundry ticket) and an alphabet of forty-seven characters. In theory, you can make do with the alphabet alone, but actually the Japs like to use ideographs *and* alphabet, so that's the way you have to learn the language. In addition to ideograph trouble, the syntax is terribly complicated. After three months of earnest study, Columbia's Japanese class progressed only as far as simple sentences like "The mountains are high," "The river is short," etc. Assistant Professor Hugh Borton, who conducts the class, says that his present students are very conscientious and are getting good grades. Most of them have an idea of turning their knowledge of Japanese to some use in the war effort, though a few are merely curious. "If we'd known as much about Japan as they did about us, perhaps there'd have been no Pearl Harbor," one of the extension students remarked. There's going to be an advanced class at the Columbia Summer School, and the American Council of Learned Societies is putting up some competitive scholarships for the session. After studying Japanese four hours a day for nine weeks, the advanced students will, Professor Borton hazards, be able to read Japanese newspapers with the aid of a dictionary.

The Berlitz School has always had a fairly steady trade in conversational Japanese among silk importers and other businessmen who had Japanese contacts, but the demand for lessons has gone up sharply; at the same time, the available instructors, all native Japs, have dwindled sharply. "They've disappeared from their previous addresses, and your guess is as good as mine," a Berlitz official told us, in fluent English. The Linguaphone Institute, which teaches foreign languages by means of records, reports a sales increase of "several hundred per cent." Their patrons are military men, government officials, and other people less easily identified. "We don't inquire about their purpose, and they don't tell us," Linguaphone says.

We just happened to think: Columbia is going to be pretty lonesome in a few weeks, with no Japs at the Summer School.

Secret

ONE of the really impressive flops of the 1939 dramatic season was an English import called "The Flashing Stream," about love, mathematics, rather unaccountably, a Buck-Rog aerial bomb, which chased airplane destroyed them. We've always ren bered the play because the leading as she sailed for home after the se and last performance, said that pre ing "The Flashing Stream" in] York was like putting claret be whiskey drinkers. Well, be that may, a local radio-script writer cently got the idea that "The Flas Stream" might be turned into a h hour playlet. He figured, for one th that the miraculous bomb made it tim The client put his foot down, thou telephoned, after reading the script say there wasn't going to be any giv away of aviation secrets on any progr *he* paid for.



Penthouse

THE only man we know who ke his telephone in a suitcase dur working hours is Mr. Bernard Lamot a resident French artist who did i illustrations for Antoine de Sain Exupéry's "Flight to Arras" and t murals for La Vie Parisienne, a nig club in the East Fifties. Mr. Lamot who lives in an informal one-room pei house atop a McKim-Mead-&-Whit looking house on West Fifty-thi Street, generally passes the first half the day watering his plants, which i clude a catalpa tree and a welter of sui flowers, and lunching his friends, wh include, besides Saint-Exupéry, Jea Gabin, Marlene Dietrich, Gilbert Mi ler, Madeleine Carroll, and Jean Sal lon. Around three in the afternoon h puts his telephone—the new model, wit the bell inside—in a suitcase and ge down to work. He stuffs the suitcas with two pillows and places it in a con venient closet, the door of which h closes firmly. His number is Columbu 5-6989, and if you get an answer t this between 3 and 6 P.M. either Mr Lamotte was misinforming us in the course of a stag lunch we attended on his roof last week or our knowledge of French is not what we thought it was. "I can't bear to hear the telephone ringing while I am painting," said Mr. Lamotte in French, "and that is why I put it in the suitcase."

Lamotte, who was wearing a striped jersey shirt and a white handkerchief tied around his neck, seated us between Captain Mallet, formerly head of Revillon Frères, and Mr. Dalzell Hatfield, a California art dealer. During the sausage and sauerkraut, we turned to the

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"What was that last crack?"

right, and Captain Mallet said to us, "Many's the time, around 1905, that I dined in this house, in white tie and tails, as the guest of Mrs. Ogden Reid. Or was it some other house?" During the salad and cheese, we turned to the left, and Mr. Hatfield observed that in August he planned to give Mr. Lamotte a show in Los Angeles which would probably be attended by Stokowski, Edgar Varese, and Eddie Robinson.

During the *fraises au vin*, Mr. Lamotte stated that the homemade wooden table on which we were eating had cost him $2.60 but was now worth vastly more, since it is studded with a number of coins, including a ten-dollar gold piece, a ten-franc gold piece, and a ten-pistole piece dated July 14, 1790, the first anniversary of the Bastille, and bearing the inscription "*Vivre Libre ou Mourir.*" "Money means nothing to me," said Mr. Lamotte. "Guests lunching here for the first time are expected to deposit ten cents in their ashtray for my man, Claiborne, and their names will then be cut into my table." We placed ten cents in our ashtray and thus joined a galaxy embracing Gabin, Dietrich, Madeleine Carroll, Charles Boyer, Schiaparelli, and Dali. "Dali started to cut his name in himself, but I stopped him before he had used up the whole table," said our host, pointing to a gigantic, florid "D." He told us that Marlene ate enormously but that this was never reflected in her figure. "Boyer is another story," he said.

In addition to being the owner of a packed-up telephone, Mr. Lamotte is *sui generis* in that he is the owner of the only *jeu de la grenouille* in town—a large wooden cabinet surmounted by a stone frog. You play this by pitching disks into the frog's mouth, from which they descend into compartments marked anywhere between 10 and 2,000. "The ex-wife of Monsieur Coty, the perfume manufacturer, gave me this," said Lamotte. "A generous woman. She also gave me the ten-dollar gold piece for my table." Lamotte was born in Montparnasse thirty-eight years ago and has been here, on and off, since 1935. Off, he has made two trips to Tahiti, where he picked up elaborate shells and items of furniture carved-out-of-one-piece-of-wood, which are strewn about his apartment. The charm of his possessions, which additionally comprise French hotel and street signs and lamps made out of empty California-wine gallon jugs, is such that he can never persuade Claiborne, a handsome Negro who used to dust the statues in a waxworks museum on Broadway, to take the day off. "Claiborne would like to stay in the closet next to the suitcase and answer the telephone," said Mr. Lamotte, "but I do not permit it."

Twilight of the Jeune Fille

A MEETING of women's-magazine editors was held at Freedom House the other day for the purpose of laying plans for day nurseries that would take care of the children of war workers. Somebody asked the lady from *Mademoiselle* if her publication had any editorial policy about mothers. She answered briskly, "Oh, we play along with them until their children are six years old. Then we drop them."

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BUTTON, BUTTON, WHO'S GOT THE BLEND?

ABOUT eight o'clock last night I was lounging at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, an intersection celebrated in the eclogues of Louella Parsons and Ed Sullivan, waiting for a pert baggage who had agreed to accompany me to a double feature. If I bore myself with a certain assurance, it was because I had chosen my wardrobe with some care—a shower-of-hail suit, lilac gloves, a split-sennit boater, and a light whangee cane. Altogether, I had reason for self-satisfaction; I had dined famously off a charmburger and a sky-high malt, my cigar was drawing well, and the titles of the pictures I was about to witness, "Block That Kiss" and "Khaki Buckaroo," augured gales of merriment. For a moment high spirits tempted me to invest in a box of maxixe cherries or fondant creams for my vis-à-vis, but after due reflection I fought back the impulse. How utterly cloying, how anticlimactic sweets would be after the speeches I had in store for the pretty creature!

Weary at last of studying the colorful throng eddying past me (I had already singled out Eddy Duchin, Sherwood Eddy, Eddie Cantor, Nelson Eddy, and Eddie Robinson), I fell to examining a nearby billboard. The advertisement was one of that familiar type in which an entire cross section of the population seems to be rhapsodizing about the product—in this case, a delicacy named Hostess Cup Cakes. "You should hear my bridge club rave about those Hostess Cup Cakes," an excited housewife was babbling to her friend, whose riposte was equally feverish: "I wouldn't dare pack John's lunch without putting in Hostess Cup Cakes!" Close by a policeman smiled benignly at a baby in a carriage, addressing its mother with "You have a lot of time for 'Precious' these afternoons, Mrs. Jones." The reason for Mrs. Jones' leisure was not unpredictable: "That's because it's easy to plan desserts with Hostess Cup Cakes." The baby itself was making no contribution to the symposium; apparently the cat had got hold of its tongue, but you could tell from its expression that it would creep a mile for a cup cake. It was, however, with a dialogue between two small boys that the copywriter kindled my interest into flame. "Hurry!" one of them was admonishing the other. "I've got 5c for Hostess Cup Cakes!" "Oh boy!" chortled his companion. "Do I love that *secret chocolate blend!*"

Although the romantic possibilities of a secret chocolate blend and its theft by the spies of an enemy power are undeniable, I think that behind the phrase there lurks a warmer, more personal story. Naturally, the brief harlequinade which follows can indicate no more than its highlights, but if the Hostess Cup Cake people should care to endow me for the next few months, I could expand it into a three-act version, suitable for annual presentation at Hollywood and Vine. I have no further use for that corner, or, may I add, for my *petite amie*, who turned up sobbing drunk with a Marine on either arm:

(*Scene: The office of Dirk van Bensdorp, president and general manager of the Hostess Cup Cake Corporation. As the curtain rises, Dirk, a forceful executive, is reading a lecture to his ne'er-do-well nephew, Jan Gluten, a minor employee of the firm. The latter, besmocked and befuddled, fidgets nervously with an icing gun. His eyes are puffy with lack of sleep and the little lines radiating from his nose attest eloquently to fondness for the grape.*)

DIRK (*warningly*): Now, look here, my boy, I'm going to talk to you like a Dutch uncle. Bakery circles are abuzz with your escapades. You had better mend your ways ere I lose patience.

JAN (*surlily*): Aw, can de sermon.

DIRK: It's a stench in the nostrils of the cup-cake trade—throwing away your guilders on fly chorus girls and driving your Stutz Bearcat in excess of sixty M.P.H.!

JAN (*lighting a cigarette with nicotine-stained fingers*): I'm getting sick of dis joint. Every time I take a schnapps or two wit' de fellers, some willy boy splits on me to de front office.

DIRK (*severely*): It's your work that gives you away, my fine fellow. That last tray of fig bars you frosted was a botch!

JAN (*lamely*): Dere was a fly in de amber icing.

DIRK: Excuses, excuses! Why, the complaints I've had about your work would almost fill a book. (*He holds up a book almost filled with complaints about Jan's work, a first edition.*) And what's this about the attentions you have been paying a certain raven-haired miss in the custard division?

JAN (*fiercely*): You keep Lorene Flake's name out of dis, d'ye hear?

DIRK (*aside*): I see I have touched the lad in a vulnerable spot. This seems to be more than mere philandering.

JAN: Lorene's decent, and clean, and —and fine! She's straight as a string, I tell you!

DIRK (*who loves a good joke now*

"Lawsy me!"

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and then): That's probably why you're "knots" about her—ha-ha-ha!

JAN: Sharrap.

DIRK (*earnestly*): Why not prove yourself to the girl, Jan? Eschew your dubious associates and turn over a new chocolate leaf.

JAN: Hully gee, I ain't fit to kiss de hem of her slacks.

DIRK: Do your job and you'll win through. Make the cup cakes fly under your fingers!

JAN (*cynically*): Dat's slave psychology. Youse is attempting to fob off de speed-up system under de cloak of benevolent paternalism. (*He exits.*)

DIRK: Ah, well, there's good stuff in the boy. I was the same at his age.

(*Ten Eyck, the shop foreman, bursts in, his face ashen.*)

TEN EYCK (*panting*): The formula—

DIRK: What is it, man? What's happened?

TEN EYCK: The secret chocolate blend—gone—stolen!

DIRK (*sputtering*): Ten thousand devils! But I locked it in the safe myself last night!

TEN EYCK: I found the door wrenched off, beside it an acetylene torch and a complete set of burglar's tools.

DIRK (*instantly*): Someone must have opened the safe by force!

(*A heavy footfall is heard on the stair.*)

TEN EYCK: Why, who can that be?

DIRK: God grant that it may be Inspector Bunce, he who gave us such material assistance in that mysterious affair of the oatmeal cookies! (*His prayers are answered; Bunce enters, looks about him keenly.*) Inspector, our secret choc—

BUNCE: Yes, I know. When I find a safe prised open, a series of unfrosted cup cakes, and two middle-aged bakers in a notable state of agitation, the conclusions are fairly obvious.

DIRK: You mean that the finger of suspicion points to Loose-Wiles, the Thousand Window Bakeries, whose agents have recently been skulking about in dirty gray caps and gooseneck sweaters?

BUNCE: This is an inside job, Bensdorp. I should like a few words with your nephew.

DIRK (*paling*): Surely you don't believe Jan—

BUNCE: Please be good enough to call him. (*Dirk, bewildered, presses a button and Jan shuffles in sullenly.*) Well, Gluten, still sticking to your story?

JAN (*sneering*): I ain't got nuttin' else to add, see? I pinched de secret chocolate plans to pay for de extravagances of an actress I was infatuated wit'. It's an oft-told story, rendered none de less sordid by repetition.

BUNCE (*with deadly calm*): One moment. *Why are you shielding Vernon Flake?*

JAN (*roughly*): I never heard of de cove. Come on, clap de darbies on me wrists. I'm ready to face de music.

BUNCE: It won't wash, Jan. You found Vernon, Lorene's worthless brother, crouched before the safe and to protect the girl you love you have shouldered the blame yourself!

JAN (*modestly*): Any bloke in me shoes would have done de equivalent.

DIRK: Hooray! I was convinced of his innocence at all times!

JAN (*producing a cinnamon bun*): And here is de formula inside dis sweetmeat, where de luckless Vernon hid it for safekeeping.

BUNCE: You've a smart cub there, Bensdorp. Nephews of his stripe don't grow on trees. (*Reaching for his Persian slipper*) Well, Ten Eyck, what do you say to Sarasate at the Albert Hall tonight, eh?

TEN EYCK: Capital, my dear Bunce.

(*They exit.*)

DIRK (*embracing Jan*): Well, you young rascal, you shall have your reward for this. Henceforth our Friday specials will be known as "Cub Cakes" in your honor—and remember, there's always room at the top for brains in this organization.

JAN (*surreptitiously pocketing his uncle's stickpin*): You said a mout'ful, cul.

CURTAIN

—S. J. PERELMAN

"In Russia the sergeants respect the privates."

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A CLEAN, QUIET HOUSE

ON the subway ride home from work, Charlie Coopersmith normally had his nose buried in the newspaper or else he did a little daydreaming on the sly and so was just as dead to the world, but this Saturday afternoon what happened was that a lemon-colored butterfly suddenly swooped in through a window. The Sea Beach train had pulled out of the tunnel beyond the Fifty-ninth Street station and the sunshine was flooding in. The butterfly jerked in nervous curves over the heads of the passengers, and Charlie, smiling at the sight, twisted his head to watch it. That was how he came to notice Howard Hayman. It was more than fifteen years since high-school days, but the two friends recognized each other instantly. They pushed their way through the crowd until they came together.

"Holy smoke, Howard!" Charlie said. "What do you think of that? Bunking into you on a subway train."

"With me it happens all the time," Howard said. He patted a very thick leather-covered book he held under his elbow. "Insurance," he said rather sadly. "Industrial policies. I'm all over the city every day and I constantly run into old friends and creditors." He had a party to visit in Bensonhurst that afternoon, he explained; that was why he was on the train.

"Board of Transportation," Charlie said. "Me and Fiorello, you know. I'm working for the city."

"Well, that's the best thing, the Civil Service. It's safe, it's steady, although now, of course—these days—who can tell what?"

"Listen," Charlie said. "How's about dropping in at the house for a moment, since you're in the neighborhood already?"

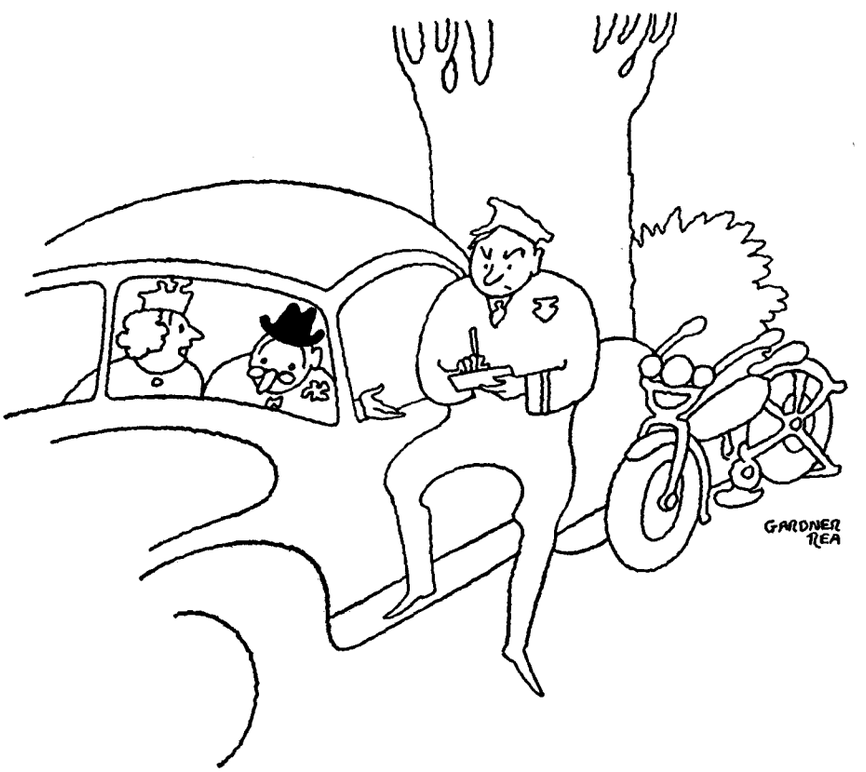
"I don't know," Howard said. "This party I have to see—"

"Oh, what the hell, they can wait! It's an occasion. You don't run into old friends every day in the year. Listen, I insist. You got to meet the wife and see the kid."

"Kid?" Howard said. "I heard you were married, but I guess I didn't hear about the kid."

"Sure. Three years old, maybe older. Jo-Jo. A real nice kid."

"I know, I know," Howard said. "You daddies and your offspring." He himself was not married, he explained. "I guess I must be still waiting for my dream girl," he said. "Confidentially, if I had met up with some nice girl in the educational system—high-school teacher or elementary-school, either one—it would have been one, two, three and all over with. The way it always was, see, I've got the old folks to support and I never felt I had the right exactly to undertake additional obligations. Under adverse circumstances marriage can be a load around your neck."



"Why don't you tell him about the officer you gave the cigars to last Christmas?"

EVEN after they had left the train and were walking up the street to the stucco one-family house in which Charlie lived, Howard balked a little.

"I don't see the sense in it," he said. "Really. Why put the wife to all the trouble?" But Charlie paid no attention to him.

"What the hell," he said as he unlocked the front door. "She'll be glad to see you."

The house was empty. "Martha! Martha!" Charlie called, but there was no answer. As he dropped his hat and the paper on the end table he noticed that the rooms were spick and span and that Jo-Jo's clothes and toys weren't lying all over. It was nice and quiet, with the sun streaming in, and they could hear organ music, peaceful and solemn, from somebody's radio.

"A nice place," Howard said. "Real nice and cozy."

"Yes," Charlie said. "Let's go into the kitchen and investigate the icebox situation. We can have a little something to eat while we wait for Martha."

"Now listen here, Charlie," Howard said. "After all, I just dropped in for a moment, you know. That was the understanding."

"Sit down, sit down," Charlie said. "Who's boss around here?"

He went to the refrigerator, hoping there would be something decent in it so that he wouldn't be shamed before his friend. When the door swung back he saw the shelves were stuffed full. His mouth opened with surprise. For a moment he squatted there without moving, and then he remembered that today was his wife's turn to entertain her girl friends. There were plates of cold cuts all neatly arranged. There were bowls of shrimp salad, coleslaw, and potato salad, and little dishes of olives and pickles. Lying flat in all the corners were bottles of celery tonic and soda pop.

"Say, is this customary around here?" Howard asked, looking over Charlie's shoulder.

Charlie smiled happily. He brought out two bottles of cream soda and the largest, best-looking plate of cold cuts.

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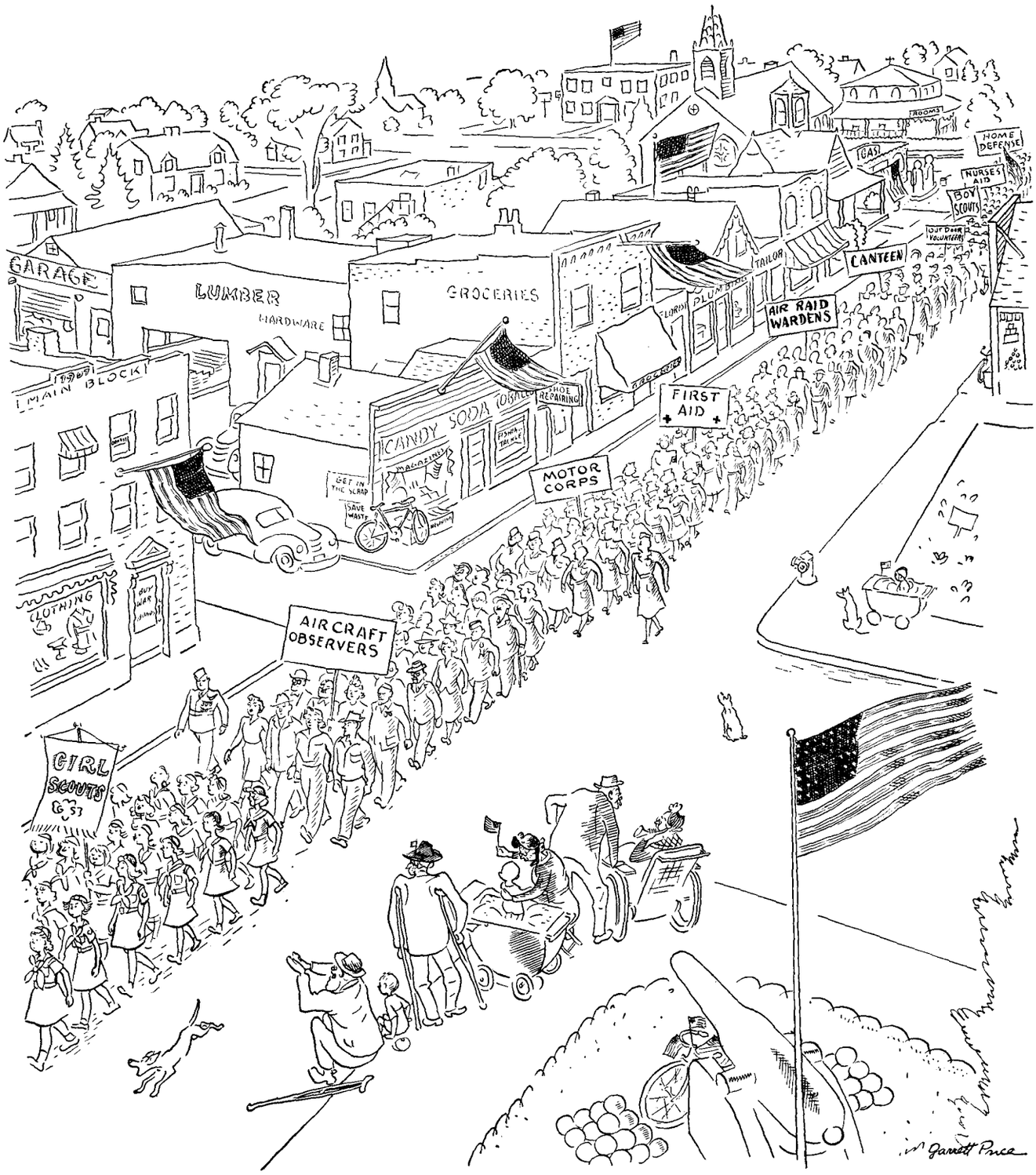

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"It's funny," Howard said, watching his friend scatter the bread, the plates, the silver, and the paper napkins. "I mean this kind of reminds me of the days when we were kids. You know, when we did something bad and hung around with a guilty conscience, waiting until our mothers should find out and bawl the hell out of us. Gee, you certainly did your best to get me in Dutch all the time."

"Who, me?" Charlie said. He sat down at the kitchen table and began to make a sandwich.

"You well remember," Howard said. "Don't make believe you don't know. The inventions we always made down in the cellar. Like the time with the crystal sets when radio first came out. Hey, Charlie, remember those old crystal sets?"

"You bet. I was the first kid on the block with a crystal set. I got the hookup out of the *Sun*."

"The boat, too," Howard said, helping himself to the cold cuts. "You remember the boat? That was when you got a notion we had to go sailing in Sheepshead Bay, so we both went to work building a boat. The janitor certainly had plenty of firewood that winter."

"Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy," Charlie

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NIGHT WATCH

"He hasn't been able to get any cartridges for it yet."

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said. "Those happy days, those happy dreams, those—those—" He took a bite.

"On the level, Charlie, sometimes I think I still got it in for you in my subconscious for all the trouble you caused me."

"We certainly were a screwy pair of kids," Charlie said.

"You," Howard said. "Not me. Please don't include me in the same category." He took a drink and then began making a sandwich for himself. "I just did what you told me. I was too—" He stopped suddenly.

"What's the matter?" Charlie asked.

"Well, it's a note there," Howard said, picking up a piece of blue paper. It had been propped up against the sugar bowl on the table, but apparently Charlie had knocked it aside when he put the bottles down. "It's for you, I guess. I was reading it unconsciously." He handed it to Charlie.

DARLING:

Out getting manicure—baby with me. Your lunch is in bottom shelf refrigerator. You'll find it. Look!!! It's on left side. Please don't touch party food or upset anything. Darling, please be a good boy today.

1. don't touch party food
2. don't lie down on couch or bed
3. don't mess up house with papers
4. don't spoil anything in general and I'll love you loads.

MARTHA

"It's all right," Charlie said, and put the note behind him on the seat of the chair.

Howard held his sandwich in his hand. "If this stuff is for a party," he said, "maybe we shouldn't be eating it."

"Oh, nuts!" Charlie said. "Forget it, will you? Eat, eat. Don't give it a thought."

"Well, all right," Howard said slowly, and began chewing again.

THERE was a plane tree in the yard outside and its leaves fluttered and sent patches of light dancing on the wall of the kitchen. Watching them, Charlie felt good. The house this afternoon was nice and restful, and in the yard a bird, some kind of bird, was actually singing. He wiped his mouth and picked up Jo-Jo's flute, which was lying on the window sill. While Howard went on eating, Charlie played on the flute, going up and down the scale.

"Howard," he said suddenly, "it was funny about that butterfly in the subway train. Did you see it?"

"Incongruous, wasn't it? I mean a thing like a butterfly in the subway."

"Wonder where it went," Charlie said. "After I saw you I lost track of it." His fingers worked over the holes of the flute and he played a snatch of a tune.

"Travelling around the city the way I do," Howard said, "it's really curious how many of the old gang I keep running into on the subway; that is, of course, the ones who aren't in the Army. A lot of them went in."

"Well," Charlie said, taking the flute out of his mouth, "we're not so old. Sooner or later we'll all be in, one way or the other."

"Yes, I suppose," Howard said, "but only last month or so I saw Walter Verdrager. Remember Verdrager?"

"Oh, sure," Charlie said. "How is Walter?"

"Married eight years now. No kids, though. He's got some kind of a job downtown, Wall Street district, nothing much. He's getting bald."

"Gee," Charlie said. "I never met even one of the old gang, outside of you today."

"Well, I meet them constantly. Lemberger, Henry Lemberger. Lawyer now. Christmastime I bunked into him. Well, we all know what the law's come to for a living these days. Two or three kids, if I recall rightly, and he's holding onto his hair pretty good, too. You ought to see Harry Rand, though. Every time I see him he's got his part in a new place. It's going quick with him, all right. He's on the bum, real down and out, no kidding. Plays the horses. Drinks, too, I should imagine. Well, why not, the poor guy? Why

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deprive him of his only consolations?"

Charlie was halfway through "Juanita" on the flute when he stopped. "Listen," he said, "what ever happened to Ernest Fabricant?"

He had to wait until his friend finished swallowing.

"Cue ball," Howard finally said. He wiped his mouth and fingers, made a neat wad of the napkin, and then deposited it primly in the centre of his plate. "Fabricant's the worst one yet. Hasn't got a hair on his head. Well, that's the way it is. Time passes. You simply got to expect it and put up with it."

"'Time ever flowing, Bids us be going, Dear Mother Eastern, Far from view. . . .'" Charlie had forgotten the rest. It was the old high-school song.

"Sometimes it's instructive to look back and reflect," Howard said. "Here we were—happy-go-lucky kids with all kinds of hopes and ambitions and plans and a spark of life in us. What happened to us all? What have we attained in the passage of the years? Not so very much."

"Me, too," Charlie said, scratching his head. "Include me, too. I'm a failure. I guess we're all failures. Well, so what?" He put the tin instrument back into his mouth and began to play "Old Black Joe."

"What's that?" Howard asked. "A flute?"

"Well, technically it's not a flute. It's called a flageolet. It costs ten cents."

"It plays real good. I mean you wouldn't think it was a kid's toy to hear it. It gives out an excellent musical tone."

"Try it, why don't you?" Charlie said. "It's very simple to learn."

"Well," Howard said. He took the flute and blew on it for a moment. "Not bad," he said. "I could get the hang of this in no time."

"Wait a minute," Charlie said. He went upstairs to Jo-Jo's room and came back with another flute and a sheet of paper that had bars of music printed on it. "Try 'London Bridge,'" he said. "It's the easiest one, just up and down, practically." He explained the system of notation on the sheet—the numbers corresponded with the openings in the pipe—and Howard went earnestly to work. The third time he ran right through it.

"We ought to be ashamed," he said.

"Listen," Charlie said, "let's harmonize. The two flutes aren't in quite the same key, but it should work out anyway."

"All right," Howard said. "Let's see."

They pushed their chairs closer together in front of the table and rested the sheet against the two bottles. "One, two, three," Charlie said, and they began. It wasn't bad at all.

"Nuts!" Howard said when they finished. "We're certainly acting like a fine pair of adolescents."

"No," Charlie said. "It worked out swell, I thought. Let's do it again."

"All right," Howard said.

They were off again. The tinny music went out through the quiet of the house. The two men were so engrossed that neither of them heard the front door open.

"I specifically asked you not to get the house untidy," a voice called out from the living room. "I specifically mentioned newspapers."

Howard dropped his flute and jumped to his feet.

"Martha!" Charlie said, raising his voice. "My friend is here, Martha."

"Oh," she said, coming to the kitchen

"Ah, Miss Bergdall, your headache seems much better!"

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door with Jo-Jo at her side. She looked at the table—the plate of cold cuts, the bottles, the flutes, and the mess they had made. Her lips tightened.

Charlie smiled. "My friend, Mr. Hayman, Martha. Howard, this is the ball and chain."

Howard ducked his head and coughed slightly.

"I'm happy to know you, Mr. Hyman," Martha said.

"Hayman," Charlie said.

"What?"

"Nothing. Hayman. It's not Hyman."

"Hayman," she said. "I'm very sorry."

"Oh, it's all right!" Howard said. "No harm done."

"And that's the kid," Charlie said to him, still smiling. "Little Jo-Jo."

Howard bent down and wagged his fingers in front of the boy's face. "Hello, little man," he said. Jo-Jo wouldn't answer and hid behind his mother. Howard straightened up. "A nice kid," he said to her.

"Yes," she said, and pushed at Jo-Jo. "Stop pulling on Mother's dress. Let it go, don't hang on it. It's not a swing."

They all kept standing. Charlie beamed and beamed, but without knowing what to say next. The pause lengthened.

"Say!" Howard cried suddenly. "I'm late. They'll be furious with me. The time just slipped my mind."

"Yes," Charlie said to his wife. "Howard had a business appointment. He was waiting for you to come."

"I'm sorry," Martha said. "I was delayed."

"It's all right," Howard said, and went into the living room for his hat and the fat book. Charlie, Martha, and Jo-Jo all followed after him. "Well," he said, bundling to the door, "goodbye. Goodbye, Charlie. Must rush. They'll be perfectly furious. Goodbye, Jo-Jo. Nice to have met you, Mrs. Coopersmith—a pleasure." Then he hurried out without looking back.

"Hey, what country is this?"

"MY God!" Charlie said when the door closed. "We were kidding around. We were only having a little fun. We weren't doing anything so terrible."

"I like that," Martha said. "It's really quite delicious. He bawls *me* out."

"What? Am I bawling you out? I'm just saying—"

"Really!" she said, pointing to the kitchen table. "Really, Charlie! You're hopeless. After I go to the trouble of leaving you a note. After I beg you in a nice way specifically what not to do."

"I didn't see the note right away," he said. He went on to explain how it happened, but Martha wouldn't listen.

"What's the use talking?" she said. "There's no use. You're utterly irresponsible. Jo-Jo's got more sense in his head than you have. Here, hold him with you," she said, and pushed his hand into Charlie's. She walked toward the kitchen. "Now I have to clean up all over again."

Charlie sat down and hoisted the boy up to his knee. "Nobody wants to understand," he said aloud. "Nobody wants to see what you're driving at and how a person can thoughtlessly make a mistake. No one." The whole afternoon had been spoiled for him. That nice feeling was gone, and instead all he could think of now was the office at the Board of Transportation and things connected with his job. He thought of the subway rides every day to and from Canal Street, of the way he threw paper balls over the desks and horsed around with the other fellows, of how they all watched the clock and waited for Friday to come, because it was the day before Saturday. Ah, it was no good. It was depressing.

"Daddy," Jo-Jo was saying. "Daddy, listen."

"What?"

"Make a balloon," the boy said. "You know. Make a balloon."

"All right," Charlie said, and he blew his cheek out. It was a game they always played together. Jo-Jo brought up his little fist and smartly punched his father's cheek. The air was knocked out all at once, the cheek went flat, and Charlie had arranged his lips in such a way that a kind of honking noise was produced. The performance always entranced Jo-Jo.

"Again!" he said. "Daddy, again!"

"All right," Charlie said, and he patiently puffed his cheek out.

—DANIEL FUCHS

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BOOGIE-WOOGIE BALLADS

THE SHORT, HAPPY HISTORY OF A MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

Sing "was," sing "had,"
And keep your tenses past,
For Alexander O'D. Warfield
Didn't last.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, Alexander O'D. Warfield always knew better. He knew better than you did or they did or these did or those did. Holy hot damn, he thought he knew better than Solomon, he thought he knew better than Willkie, he thought he knew better than the editors of *Time!*

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, you could give Alexander O'D. Warfield a foregone conclusion and he would argue that it not only wasn't a conclusion but it wasn't foregone. You could be lying back comfortably on an accepted fact and he would jerk it out from under your head and flap it in your face. You could say to him, "It's hot today," and he would say, "I've seen it hotter." You could say to him, "Lincoln was a great man," and he would say, "Well . . ." You could say to him, "Japs are small," and he would say, "Many of them are as tall as the average American."

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, no matter what you said to Alexander O'D. Warfield, he would say you nay, or at least he would say you maybe. Oh ho, *baby!*

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, and Alexander O'D. Warfield also always thought and did the other way around from what you and they and these and those thought and did. When Coolidge was President this Warfield would go out of his way to hear him make a speech. He thought Hoover was lovable, he was against Roosevelt on the ground that he was too frigid, he liked sweet Martinis, and he thought the cavalry would be the deciding factor in any future war. *Cha-a-a-arge!*

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, so it happened one fine May weekend in the year 1942 that the guests at a houseparty near Nyack got to wishing that the subjects of their conversations had never come up, got to wishing that they had never come up, and got to wishing more than anything that Alexander O'D. Warfield had never come up, he being one of the guests. On Friday night at dinner this Warfield insisted there wasn't really much cattle-raising in the Argentine but that there was a hell of a lot of hemp and all day Saturday he kept going up to people sitting under maple trees and telling them they were sitting under beeches and when two ladies and an excitable architect started running from a bumblebee this Warfield said, "Bees are harmless," caught the bumblebee, and wasn't stung because all the bumblebee wanted to do was get away with no questions asked.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, and then at the beginning of lunch on Sunday somebody said that a cold shower in the morning certainly was refreshing and this Warfield said that actually a hot bath in the morning was invigorating and that a cold shower was the thing to take before going to bed, whereupon all the guests with the exception of this Warfield looked at their host appealingly.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

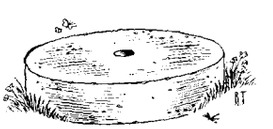
Oh, so the host started to tell about how he was restoring an old mill on his place and when he explained that he was going to fix the mill so he could grind his own corn meal this Warfield said that water-ground meal wasn't any good for making corn bread and when the host explained that he was having quite a time hoisting the millstones so as to get the machinery repaired this Warfield said he should have dug a tunnel under the millstones instead of hoisting them up and when the host said that well anyway it was dangerous work fixing the machinery with the millstones suspended overhead by hawsers this Warfield said there was no danger because millstones really weren't as heavy as people thought and when the host suggested that everybody come out after lunch and take a look at the old mill but made them promise not to walk under the suspended millstones this Warfield did the opposite of what everybody else did.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, standing under the millstones, this Warfield wanted to know how the hawsers holding them up were secured and the host said they were secured by being looped around an oak tree and this Warfield said that was absurd because oak trees aren't strong and the host said well how else would you secure them and this Warfield said they should have been looped around a concrete fence post and the host said but he didn't have any concrete fence posts and that he liked the old-fashioned split-rail fences because they looked pretty and this Warfield was saying that personally he thought concrete fence posts were better-looking but that in any case it would have been more sensible to use steel cables instead of hawsers because hawsers are made of rope and might rot or as a matter of fact could be cut when one of the guests whispered to the host and asked him did he have an axe and the host whispered that there was one in back of the old mill near the oak tree around which the hawsers holding up the millstones were looped and the guest said thanks pal and the host said not at all and then the host asked this Warfield did he like hot cakes and this Warfield said no he liked hot cakes after they had cooled off and the host said do you admire MacArthur and this Warfield said no he thought probably MacArthur just had a smart top sergeant out there and the host said the Russians certainly are doing well and this Warfield said the Russian offensive is just a ruse and the host said he wondered if the Dodgers would produce a hitter as great as Babe Ruth and this Warfield *started* to say that Ruth was . . .

[*Boogie-woogie*]

So sing "was," sing "had,"
And keep your tenses past,
For Alexander O'D. Warfield
Didn't last.



—St. Clair McKelway

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PROFILES

THE MAGNIFICENT TOUCH

IN the early nineteen-hundreds an Englishman named J. Storer Clouston, a barrister with a flair for writing, published a series of featherbrained popular novels under the titles of "The Lunatic at Large," "The Lunatic at Large Again," "The Lunatic Still at Large," and further variants. These books, which you can still find on the five-cent shelves of second-hand bookshops, had for a hero a charming lunatic, a personable and well-brought-up young fellow whose only flaw was a pathological lack of the sense of responsibility; he furnished the motive power for a succession of Wodehousean plots, committing theft, forgery, impersonation, and other major crimes, but always without evil intent or harmful results. It is a great pity that Mr. Clouston never met William Bayard Okie, Jr. Okie has raised shop-window decorating from a Saturday-night chore to a fine art, but what would have fascinated Mr. Clouston, who thought he was writing fiction, is Okie's eccentricity, his fine, healthy, unstudied nuttiness.

Okie is one of the few true eccentrics, and as such is to be distinguished from the timid exhibitionists who do mildly unorthodox things in the hope of attracting the attention of Lucius Beebe or Leonard Lyons. The Okie ego would bloom as garishly in a desert as it does in Manhattan, or almost as garishly. However strange the picture of Okie at any moment—Okie cajoling the superintendent of Town Hall to let him play the organ there at midnight; Okie riding in the circus "spec," costumed as a Grand Eunuch; Okie stalking the late Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken at a Beaux-Arts Ball with the serious intention of setting fire to her; Okie arriving to register under the Selective Service Act, armed against boredom and discomfort with a campstool, a bottle of champagne, and a copy of *Harper's Bazaar*—his behavior usually follows some pattern in which there is a thread of logic, however twisted and tenuous. For instance, his notions about what to carry with him to the draft board were based on experience. Until 1940, Okie had never voted. Then, at the urgent request of his father, an advertising man and a Republican, Okie took the steps necessary to preserve the American Way of

William Bayard Okie, Jr.

Life. This involved so much tedious waiting in line that he formed an unfavorable idea of our governmental efficiency. The champagne, campstool, and magazine at the draft board were simply normal precautions against the sort of treatment he expected.

It may be that the flamboyance of Okie's private life (if so it can be termed) is a form of compensation for the reticence, which amounts to downright chastity, that he practices in his trade. His great contribution to window display, the "closed-down" window, is extravagant only in its waste of street frontage. Such a window is reduced by curtains or wooden partitions to an opening sometimes as small as three feet by three and a half, which Okie treats as a miniature stage, setting thereon a scene which subordinates the display of merchandise to the presentation of a mood or theme; the shops in some of the new buildings have closed-down windows which are built-in. For fourteen years Okie did closed-down windows for Marcus & Co., the Fifth Avenue jewellers. Luxury shops all over the country have adopted the closed-down window. It is a personal tribute to Okie that Tiffany now has closed-down windows. It is also a tribute that he was asked to design Marcus-like settings for the Museum of Natural History's permanent exhibit of precious and semi-precious stones. Though he no longer has any connection with Marcus, having resigned a year before the business changed hands some months ago, he has an apparently permanent reputation as "the man who does those little Marcus windows." This infuriates him, understandably, and he has two or three times tried to place advertisements in magazines announcing that he *doesn't* now do the Marcus windows. The magazines unanimously rejected the advertisements, probably feeling that Okie was up to some prank.

Since 1933, when Okie took on, in addition to his work for Marcus, other window-display jobs, he has had several hundred clients, among them the New York Telephone Company, the Cunard White Star Line, the American Express Company, the National Biscuit Company, Coty's, Arthur Murray, the Waldorf-Astoria, Maxwell House Coffee, *McCall's Magazine*, United States Steel, Skinner Satin, and the American Medical Association. As the American Medical Association's need for the services of a window decorator is not readily apparent, it might be explained that he was commissioned to do a series of displays for one of the annual A.M.A. conventions, dramatizing the prevention and cure of venereal disease. He had, among other arresting sights, a woman drowning in a sea of glass eyes; this was the nearest he could come to representing the magnified gonococcus. One of his latest jobs was to put into the window of Hunt & Winterbotham, the woollen shop, two of the most dazzling rarities of these times—a set of new automobile tires and some lumps of sugar.

In spite of all his other business connections, however, the fact remains that Okie developed most of his notable innovations for Marcus's windows. Here he originated the use of small spotlights, of miniature mannequins, of credit cards for "props" borrowed outside the shop, and of "invisible glass." The first installation of invisible glass in this country was in the two Marcus windows on Fifth Avenue, seven years ago. Okie, never a man to underplay a big moment, sent out for champagne when the workmen finished, late on a Saturday night. After pouring drinks for the men and the Marcus staff members who were present in the shop, he lightheartedly tossed the empty bottle over his shoulder. Inevitably, it crashed through one of the panes of invisible glass, which col-

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lapsed into visible ruin. A coördinated set of miracles involving long-distance telephoning, overtime labor, and air express brought another pane of invisible glass to New York in time for the opening of the store Monday morning. On the whole, Okie was rather cheerful about this disaster, feeling that it gave the occasion a zest it might otherwise have lacked. His employers, William and Chapin Marcus, known to Okie as Junior and Chape, were equally bland. Nothing Okie did really surprised them after Okie, when he was just starting with the firm as a salesman, accepted a check for $2,250 in payment for a pearl necklace priced at $22,500.

THIS eventful life began thirty-six years ago, in Jersey City; the Okie family soon afterward moved to South Orange, and there Bayard—so called in the family to distinguish him from his father—grew up. Okie's father is a well-known and prosperous advertising man, once a partner in N. W. Ayer and now a partner in the firm of J. M. Mathes, Inc. No two people could be more different than W. B. Okie *père et fils*. The elder Okie hoped that his son would turn out to be a formidable boxer; he used to dab and slap at him in odd moments, trying to rouse in him an enthusiasm for fisticuffs. Young Okie preferred to play with model stage sets and, as he grew into the middleweight class, to act with the amateur dramatic societies of South Orange. He was then a Maurice Evans type, delicate, sensitive, and blond. With the passing of the years his frailty has vanished; he now weighs over two hundred pounds, and his habitual expression is bacchic rather than sensitive.

The lad was soon packed off to Dartmouth, where he distinguished himself by flunking five out of six of his freshman courses and getting himself expelled. This fiasco left Okie with a tender spot in his heart for Dartmouth, possibly because it was there that he learned that it was feasible to drink from a flask while standing barefoot in snow. Some years later, while he was working on colored fashion plates for *Esquire*, he sentimentally built one set around a Dartmouth theme, and then wrote an ardent letter to President Hopkins, explaining how he felt. Dr. Hopkins replied politely but cautiously, congratulating Okie on his college spirit but getting it on record that he, Dr. Hopkins, never read *Esquire*.

After leaving Dartmouth, Okie made for New York, and has never left it, except for brief vacation trips. He found work at the old Famous Players-Lasky studio in Astoria, playing as an extra in Gilda Gray movies and other equally glamorous productions. One of his fellow-actors, he remembers, was Gary Cooper. By 1926, Okie had become a bit player. The New York *American* was Okie's next employer, paying fourteen dollars a week for his services as cub reporter. After nine months of journalism, during which Okie received a five-dollar raise, for merit, he resigned out of boredom. This brings us to the year 1927. The Marcus brothers then took a step that markedly altered retail-jewelry merchandising methods: out of friendship for the elder Okie, they engaged the son as a salesman, at a salary of thirty dollars a week.

Since then Okie's career has been characterized by a large, loose grandeur,

"Would this obligate me for foreign service?"

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the sort of quality that, in window displays, he calls "the magnificent touch." He made Junior and Chape an earnest little speech, assuring them that he was determined to make good. His first step was to lose a set of emerald clips valued at more than $12,000; he was sent to fetch them from a photographer's studio and left them in a taxicab. The driver brought them back to Marcus's the next day, just as Okie, unshaven and haggard after a night of pacing the streets, walked into the shop to confess. The subsequent incident of the $22,500 pearl necklace and the $2,250 check had an equally happy ending. The customer wrote another check in the correct amount, although Okie's acceptance of the first one could have been held legally binding on the Marcuses. These experiences, and similar ones, have given Okie a troubled notion that money is a bad thing. Once, when he was sitting late in Zum Brauhaus, an East Side *Stube*, with some friends, he arose from the table, took a wad of bills from his pocket, tore them into bits, strode to the door, and tossed the fragments out into the night. When his friends remonstrated, he said, moodily, "It belonged to a woman I hate." Actually, the money, which amounted to a hundred and twelve dollars, was his. The woman he referred to was his secretary, one of whose duties was to handle his money. He had stolen some from her, so to speak, by soliciting a cash payment from one of his clients, and the thirty pieces of silver could have been no heavier burden to Judas.

After a few months in the jewelry trade, Okie began to form some ideas of his own about how to sell baubles. The salesman's task, he reasoned, would be considerably lightened if window displays, instead of being breathless jumbles of merchandise, were as aloof and haughty as the sales staff. The business of filling a window with jewels in stock seemed illogical, since people seldom walk in off the street to buy something they've seen in a jeweller's window. It seemed to him more important to put the window-shopper in a regal, jewel-conscious frame of mind; jewelry display needed the magnificent touch. He submitted this idea to the Marcus brothers, and they were receptive—rather heroically so, it should be noted, since frontage on the Avenue is the most precious in town and since the business theory then was not to waste an inch of display space. For his first window, Okie staged a miniature tableau dealing with the history of the famous Orloff Diamond. Catherine of Russia and her discarded favorite, Orloff, represented by meticulously costumed figurines, confronted each other, Catherine on a conical throne, Orloff behind bars symbolizing his disgrace. The figures were spotlighted and the background lighted with angry purples. A small printed card told the story of how Orloff had tried to win back Catherine's favor by giving her the big diamond. Marcus & Co. did not, of course, have the Orloff Diamond for sale. The display was just a vague invitation to

I LOVE A PRIORITY

Some people mourn for gasoline
  And some for the Buick, tire-less,
While some shake dice
For sugar and spice,
  Or weep for the rationed wireless.
And some for girdles carry the torch,
Or copper screens on the sleeping porch,
Or woollen blankets for taking naps,
Or braces, bicycles, bathing caps.
But me, I've finished with vain repining.
I've found a beautiful silver lining.
My spirits soar like a China Clipper
Since Mr. Henderson banned the Zipper.

For I sing the shortage. Oh, long may it bide!
It's up with the snapper
And down with the slide.
Farewell to the Zipper,
That Johnnie-the-Ripper
Which lurks on the jacket
To mangle the flipper,
That catches the undie, that loosens the laces,
And somehow breaks down
In strategical places.

No more a tangle of steel must dangle
  From every invention buyable.
For better or worse
My humble purse
  Now shuts with a click reliable.
Now lovely ladies—both lean and stout—
Get into a dress assured they'll get out.
Now tots in carriages thank their luck
For many a zipperless Snuggle Duck.
Now coats unbutton, galoshes open,
Now pockets gape for the hand to grope in,
While over the nation cheers begin
For the hook and the eye and the safety pin.

So sing to the shortage in cottage and salon.
It's up with the button
And down with the Talon.
Away with the Zipper
For granny or nipper
That locks on the trouser
And snags on the slipper.
We'll give up our goods if the need must be.
We'll give up pepper, we'll give up tea.
We'll give up cuffs on blouses and slackses.
With gestures joyful we'll pay our taxes.
For hope's still shining like stars in the Dipper,
Since Mr. Henderson
Banned the Zipper.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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THE READING PUBLIC

TROTTER, *William Trevor ("Red"). Born January 23, 1924. College: Princeton. Ambition: To learn enough math to get an "A" from Mr. Murtrie. Sports: Junior-varsity soccer team, 1938; 3rd place, hundred-yard dash, Pottsville-Middleton track meet, 1940; football squad, 1941. Clubs: Le Cercle Français, El Circulo Español, Alpha Gamma Gamma. Attaboy, "Red"! You'll go far if you don't get mixed up with any blondes. (Are ya listenin', Ethel G.?)*

• •

come in and browse around, and perhaps get in the groove with Catherine and Orloff.

There was no question of Okie's continuing as a salesman. The Orloff Diamond window was an instantaneous hit. For the next fourteen years he designed closed-down windows for Marcus, changing them every fortnight. His salary was soon raised to seventy-five a week and he was given a couple of rooms in the basement to work in. In one he installed cabinets containing fabrics, woods, metals, paint, wire, and other materials; in the second were lathes, band saws, and the like. Before he was through, his windows were equipped with a fountain, dry-ice compartments to keep flowers fresh, and a device for producing artificial smoke. His early interest in theatricals has given him a thorough knowledge of costume; he may be a little shaky on the dates of the Civil War or the American

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"I always have the feeling these days that we may be seeing them for the last time."

• •

Revolution, but he can tell you, almost to the day, when hoopskirts came in. He soon developed an instinct for ferreting out odd props—antique pottery, stuffed snakes, rare laces, fake wedding cakes. He got the magnificent touch into his search for props, telephoning to France for wood strawberries, unobtainable over here, and persuading an officer of the Normandie to act as courier. Once he borrowed an El Greco and had the Greek Consul at the unveiling.

He conscripted some of this city's surging talents and peculiar objects for his windows. He called on painters and sculptors for loans of their work, which he identified on small cards placed in his windows; they found that two weeks in an Okie window were likely to be worth as much in commissions as a purchase by the Metropolitan. "Okie was like a Venetian doge," one of them has said, employing a Madison Avenue hyperbole. "Everybody wanted to work for him. He had the biggest public in the world, the Fifth Avenue crowds. He framed your work in settings of great artistic beauty. He presented it with lovely jewels. It was *the* thing to be in there."

It was six years after Okie started doing the Marcus windows that he branched out as a display designer for other shops. One of his first clients was Jaeckel, for whom he did, in December of 1933, a window that is still remembered by people aesthetically sensitive to shop windows. The set was a replica of the interior of the late Mrs. Walter P. Chrysler's limousine—what the chauffeur would see, looking over his shoulder. A mink motor robe and an ermine-and-sable wrap were spread on the seat and a fresh orchid was pinned on the wrap. Two tickets for the opera lay on one armrest and on the floor was an opened copy of the libretto of "Peter Ibbetson." The magnificent touch again. Probably Mrs. Chrysler herself had never before realized what a glamorous life she led.

•

AS Okie prospered he shed what few inhibitions he might have had and gradually emerged, radiant and rare, from the chrysalis of South Orange respectability. His clothing reflected this change. He had the first gray dinner jacket in town and wore his own version of the male "play suit" long before Elizabeth Hawes befriended it—green or sky-blue trousers, matching sports shirt, knotted bandanna, and huaraches. Occasionally he ventures out in a scarlet robe with a cowl, like a musical-comedy monk's. Through a tieup with Hollywood, whereby Okie was supposed to place in local shop windows costumes worn in current moving pictures, he at one time had access to all sorts of wonderful garments and made public or semi-public appearances in chain mail from "The Crusades," Johnny Weissmuller's loincloth, and an airplane pilot's outfit worn by Clark Gable.

Okie is inventive not only in his clothing but in ordinary, homely difficulties that defeat smaller people. One hot night, when he was at a small, Bohemian party, his host ran out of cigarettes. The usual wrangle developed as to who should go out for more. Some mundane fellow suggested tossing a coin, but Okie had a better solution. He put his head out the window and hailed the next passer-by, a man who was walking a Scottie. "Get me a carton of Camels, will you?" he called. "I have a broken leg." "Sure," said the man, hurrying off toward a corner drugstore.

Even the time that Okie stole a horse and wagon had its touch of individuality. Stealing a horse and wagon is perhaps the commonest prank among young men who stay up late at night, but Okie is one of the few men who ever stole a horse that had a habit of sitting down. The animal's idiosyncrasy was known to the police and, after the alarm went out, led to the apprehension of Okie, who was breakfasting in Reuben's while the horse sat outside. Okie wound up in a Magistrate's Court, where he didn't feel himself a stranger, having tangled with the police before on equally frivolous counts.

Okie expresses himself musically on

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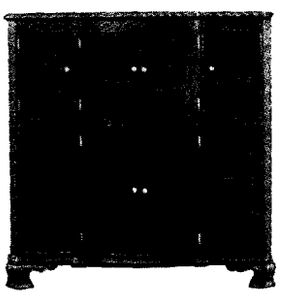
The great "Symphony No. 5," by Ludwig van Beethoven, interpreted by Bernard Lamotte for the Capehart Collection. One of the noblest compositions of all musical history, the famous Fifth was written in 1807, a tragic year in the life of the composer. The symphony is said to celebrate the triumph of man over the Fate which would overcome him. The opening theme of the first movement, "the knock of Fate on the door," is the V for Victory motif adopted by the United Nations.

Victory



Capehart Chippendale, *with time-proved record changer that turns the records over, and FM radio reception. Control stations may be placed throughout your home.*

The wars of the world are not all fought on battle-fields. There are the individual struggles of the soul. Fear crowds in, and all the color of life is dull and gray.

At such a time, man needs some inspiration beyond his own powers . . . some deep assurance that the conflict will end in triumph. Music, supremely, can offer it.

For music, the voice of man's experience through the ages, is more than concerto, symphony, or dance. Music is a song of courage, a victory over disillusion, harmonious living in troubled worlds!

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Today, the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation is devoting its entire manufacturing facilities to war production. If the Capehart dealer cannot supply you with a Capehart or a Capehart-Panamuse, he nevertheless can advise you on your musical requirements, including the selection of recordings.

For your dealer's name write the Capehart Division, Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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Why we paid 24%* more in Kinston, N. C., for fine, mild tobacco like this

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For example: In Kinston, N. C., at auctions of the 1939 crop, we paid 24% more—yes, 24% above the average market price—to get this quality tobacco.

This was in no way unusual. We paid well above the average market price in 108 tobacco markets that season. And that 1939 crop, properly aged, mellowed, and blended with other fine crops, is in Luckies today.

To independent tobacco experts Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. With these experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—with these men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

In a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts...and the finer, milder leaf is in Luckies. Why not remember that, and *act on it*, next time you buy cigarettes?

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*24% more than the average market price reported by U. S. Department of Agriculture.

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1

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the noblest of instruments, the organ. For a while, in his youth, he had to confine himself to hole-and-corner recitals, held wherever he could break into a church or auditorium. In the summer of 1936, however, his father gave him an expensive Hammond electric organ; he had been softened up by an article about Okie in *Nation's Business*. It told of Okie's successes in the field of display advertising and had a position of honor right next to a stately attack on the New Deal by Mark Sullivan. Okie, Sr., sent his son a telegram: "CONGRATULATIONS ON THE ARTICLE ABOUT YOU IN NATION'S BUSINESS STOP THIS PUBLICATION RATES PRETTY HIGH AND YOU CAN'T GET IN ON A SHOESTRING STOP BECAUSE OF ITS SPONSORSHIP NAMELY UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE THIS SHOULD DO YOU A LOT OF GOOD." Relations between father and son, which had been more or less strained during Okie's early adult life, became almost idyllic. The organ was installed in the living room of his apartment on West Fifty-fifth Street. It was a D.C. building, and Okie had to have A.C. current piped in from outside. The first time he sat down at the instrument, pulled out all the stops, and launched into his favorite piece, the Liebestod from "Tristan und Isolde," three tenants immediately called up the management and threatened to break their leases. Thereafter, whenever the preliminary moaning of the organ was heard, not only the other tenants in Okie's apartment building but all the neighbors in the block would open their windows and shout imprecations. These Okie accepted in good spirit. "I'm sorry for the interruption," he would say loudly if he had a guest, "but this is a neighborhood of disorderly houses." Finally the management turned off the power at the fuse box. Thereafter, in order to soothe himself with the Liebestod, Okie would have to represent to the superintendent that he had a prospective purchaser for the organ, who wanted a demonstration. The superintendent would turn the power on and stand by the fuse box, watch in hand, allowing Okie a scant fifteen minutes of melody.

In order to maintain a nominal contact with reality, Okie employed, during the years 1935-40, Miss Harriet Coster, a stern and practical young lady whose duty it was to maintain an office in a corner of Okie's apartment and to keep his finances orderly. Miss Coster struggled gamely with this manifestly impossible assignment until she got married a couple of years ago; since then she has come in once a week to balance, or try to balance, his books. In theory, Miss Coster received all checks due Okie, paid all his bills, and gave him a living allowance. It seldom worked out this way, however. Okie could, and did on many historic occasions, leave his apartment with two dollars in cash and spend two hundred dollars in the next twelve hours. Dinner, of course, was no problem, since he had charge accounts at several restaurants. Sometimes he would acquire a little more cash by signing the check for a whole table and letting his friends pay him in hard money. Taxicabs he took care of by giving the drivers some bit of personal jewelry, as earnest of payment. "See Miss Coster at ten tomorrow," he would say with finality, handing a driver his card. Some days Miss Coster would have to settle up with four or five drivers. For longer trips, Okie always preferred chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royces, which could be charged.

A YEAR and a half ago, Okie married Mrs. Raphaëlle Anthony Gevaert, the divorced wife of the Commissioner General from Belgium to the World's Fair. Okie's bride has more or less taken over Miss Coster's job. The Okies are a devoted couple, and she is seldom surprised by his behavior, possibly because she thinks it is typical of Americans. They recently took an eight-room house in Port Washington, and Okie commutes to an office in Rockefeller Center. There may never be another Okie levee such as used to take place nearly every day in his bachelor apartment; it seems rather a pity, too. By mid-afternoon Miss Coster would have got rid of whoever had come home with Okie the night before and gone to sleep in the living room—once it was the entire staff of Dorothy Gray, one of Okie's clients, another time it was an emu and its keeper. At three in the afternoon a barber would come over from the Gotham Hotel to shave Okie. A Western Union boy would soon arrive and be ushered into Okie's presence. The boy would stand there diffidently, his cap in his hand, until Okie, through the lather, would say, with a regal gesture, "Make my bed!" (Okie, a man intensely adaptable to our civilization, has always taken ready advantage of the labor pool offered by the telegraph companies. His friends have seen as many as half a dozen messengers gluing, snipping, and painting with an airbrush, helping him finish up an overdue window display.) While Okie was being shaved, a stream of delivery boys would arrive, bearing bags of bottled beer. It is an indication of Okie's eerily practical outlook on money that he always bought bottled beer in preference to canned, so he could tip the delivery boys with the empties. Waiting in the living room with Miss Coster would be seven or eight people, all of whom would have appointments with Okie for the same hour. Friends of Okie's would arrive to drink the beer. At five or thereabouts, Miss Coster would depart, and sanity would depart with her. Okie would begin hunting around the place for money, on the theory that Miss Coster might have hidden some. Whether or not he found any, he would leave, around dinnertime, to impart to the outside world the inimitable flavor of his personality. He might call on a friend he knew who was interning in one of the local hospitals, in which case he would ride the ambulance all night and perhaps deliver a baby or so.

Okie seems to get some sort of emotional release from being in places generally barred to the public. "I've always wanted to go where I shouldn't be, or theoretically couldn't be," he says. His beats include hotel kitchens and wine cellars, hospitals, the holds of ships, and backstage at theatres. He can occasionally be seen moodily exploring a huge copper saucepan in the kitchen of the Plaza at two in the morning. Once he stole a penguin costume from the revue "New Faces," permanently disrupting one of the numbers. He wanted to appear in the outfit and surprise Walter Chrysler, Jr.

A natural query, at this point, would be how Okie manages to sandwich any creative moments into such a busy social life. Okie himself doesn't pretend that his hours are long. A window might take a day to plan, another day (or, more likely, a night) to set up. Before he constructs a window, he always draws, very badly, a preliminary sketch and from this he gets together a somewhat amorphous model display which he can shift around until the grouping and lighting please him. Even at his busiest, he doesn't actually work more than twenty hours a week. His magnificent touches are his stock in trade, and these, he says, come to him in a flash,

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"A HONEY OF A SHOW"
—Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
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PORGY AND BESS
MAJESTIC Thea., West 44th St. CI. 6-0730
Eves. including Sunday. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

SHEPARD TRAUBE, in association With Alexander H. Cohen, presents
ANGEL STREET
By PATRICK HAMILTON
"A masterpiece"—Gibbs, New Yorker
"Heartily recommended"—Watts, Her. Trib.
GOLDEN Theatre, W. 45th St. CI. 6-6740
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
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THE ALL AMERICAN 5-LETTER FEMALE AT WORK in
GUEST IN THE HOUSE
"A cheerful experience—you'll enjoy it." Wolcott Gibbs, New Yorker
PLYMOUTH Thea., 45th W. of B'way
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SONS O' FUN
"Makes 'Hellzapoppin' look like a sissy."
—Mirror
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whatever he may be doing—taking trapeze lessons from the Flying Concellos, touring the harbor in the engine room of a tugboat, or, in a private house, whiling away a moment when his host has left him alone in the room by stuffing a pair of prize-winning Siamese cats into a pair of Ming vases. Anybody could have executed his famous "ruby window," but the idea was strictly an Okie magnificent touch. The window, in case you don't remember it, showed an Etruscan vase against a bright-blue sky. The vase was piled high with kumquats and pomegranates. One of the pomegranates had fallen and broken open. Seeds had spilled out, and mixed with the seeds were rubies. The trade, with some justification, considered this a work of art.

FURTHER evidence of Okie's superb adaptability to our civilization is his delight in the telephone. The present conflict has cramped him terribly. He used to enjoy casually picking up the telephone and saying to the operator, "Get Mr. Truman Talley in Ethiopia." Once he called up a man in Nice to ask the address of his tailor in New York. It was when he talked thirty minutes to a man in Italy, running up a bill of two hundred dollars, that Miss Coster notified the Telephone Company not to accept any more transatlantic calls from her employer unless they were put in twenty-four hours in advance. "Those were some days, before the war," Okie will say nostalgically. "Think what you could do over the telephone with a ten-dollar bill."

The small disasters and confusions that dog Okie's social life do not occur so frequently in his business, but they happen now and then. Once some goldfish he had swimming in a Marcus display froze overnight; another time an egg, symbolizing something or other, hatched under the heat of a spotlight. One window, in which the fruitfulness of the Mexican countryside was summed up by a scattering of yellow corn, caused a profound misunderstanding among the neighborhood pigeons; having been accustomed to the same diet from the hand of a benevolent doorman across the street, they arrived in great numbers when the news got around, and headed straight into the invisible glass, sustaining bruises and concussions. A patient thief once chipped a hole through the invisible glass of the Marcus windows and stole some thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry. Once Okie wanted to put $100,000 worth of pure gold in a window to point up the im-

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portance of gold in jewelry. He was politely turned down at the Assay Office and also got a stiff warning from Marcus's insurance company, advising him not to put $100,000 worth of anything in a show window. Okie's mind leaped readily to those chocolates that come in the shape of coins, wrapped in gold foil. He filled his window with them, supplemented with a few real gold coins. The following noon the chocolate melted and ran with a thoroughness that still gives Okie nightmares. There was also the time he was commissioned by Bonwit Teller to design some unusual jewelry showcases. Two of the store's buyers, wandering in the night before the Okie designs—which carefully concealed all the merchandise from view—were to be open to the public, raised such a fuss, threatening to kill Okie and commit hara-kiri if the counters were used, that his work was arbitrarily tossed out. "Too bad," Okie says. "It was a great chance for department-store advancement." Dabbling in industrial design, Okie has perfected a miniature spotlight for use in private houses, on portraits and bric-a-brac. Last year it brought him eighty-four dollars in royalties, at four cents a sale. He has also designed a closed-down watch, with a very small face which makes it almost impossible to tell what time it is.

"Advertising for the past twenty years has been one of the biggest businesses in the world. For a certain unquestionable period, Mr. William Bayard Okie, Jr., has been the head of his branch of advertising." This is the statement of Henry Dreyfuss, the industrial designer, whose opinion would be respected even by Okie's father. Okie thus appears to be assured of a small, closed-down niche in History. That Okie once dyed his cat pink and gave it rose-colored artificial eyebrows for formal wear is something that History, if it wants to keep its sanity, had best ignore.

—Eugene Kinkead
and Russell Maloney

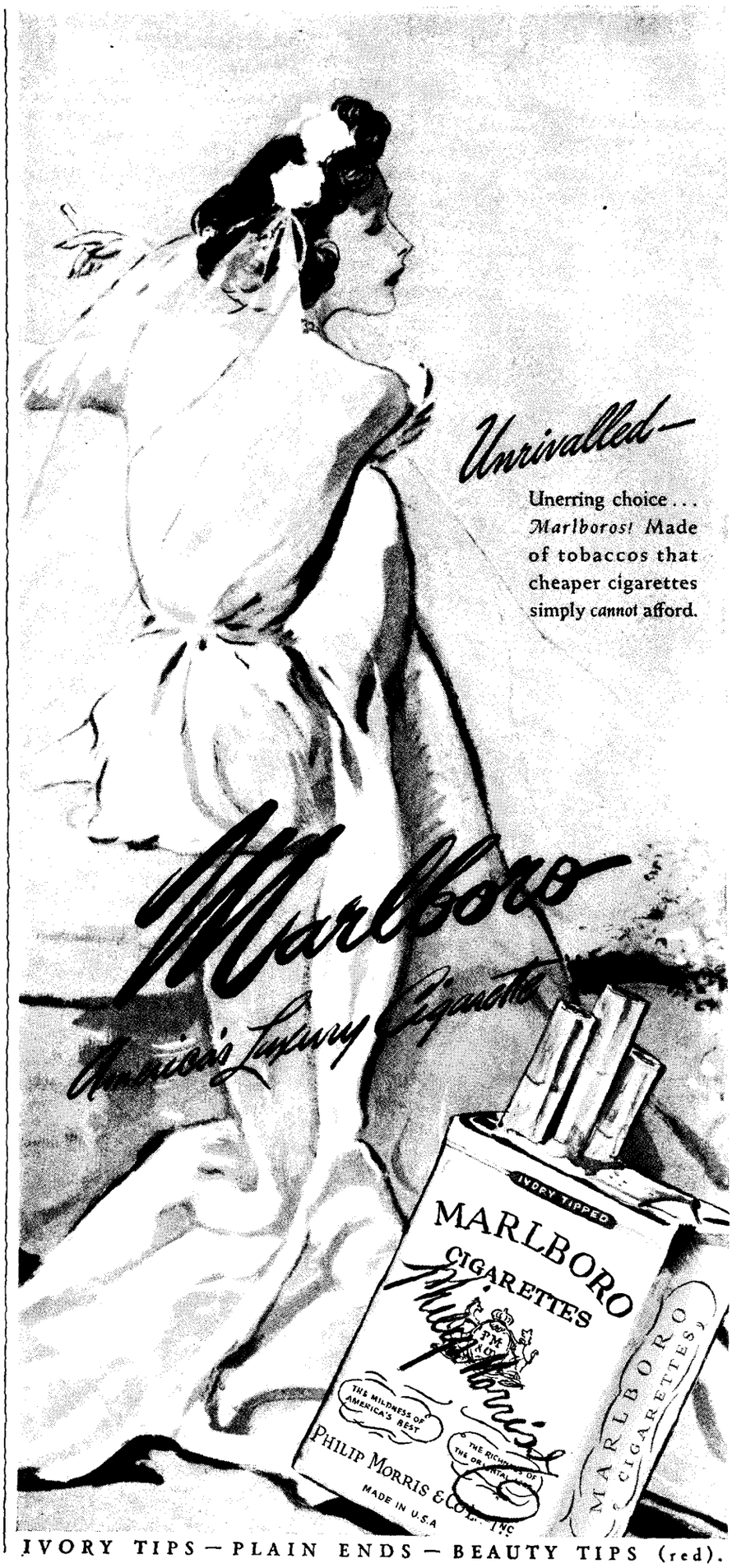
•

Omaha, April 18—(AP)—Carl Elmer Ahrenhoersterbaeumer, St. Louis, Mo., here awaiting assignment as an army signal corps civilian employee, admits his name is long. But not as long as it might be.

He believes it's the result of an old German custom of joining names when a couple is married. If he had followed through after his marriage the name would have been:

TERMITES
—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

It's a wonder he even married.



IVORY TIPS — PLAIN ENDS — BEAUTY TIPS (red).

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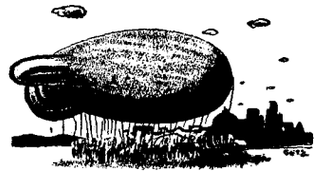
LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 24 (BY CABLE)

WHILE Parliament was gravely debating war strategy last week, most Britons, whether inside Westminster or out, were preoccupied with what was happening on the Russian battle fronts. All other news seemed pale before the crucial importance of this. The mood of the moment here is something like the impatience of a pugnacious fellow who feels that he's destined to hang around holding coats while the greatest fight in history is going on under his nose. The way the ordinary man is talking seems to indicate that politicians and editorial writers might as well save their breath to cool their porridge for all the good it's doing in cooling public opinion. It's apparently useless for them to point out that the R.A.F. is regularly battering Germany's production bases, that the steady stream of British war material to Russia continues at considerable sacrifice to this country, and that Britain is already fighting on three fronts—the Pacific, the Middle East, and the Atlantic. From the tone of private conversations and public utterances at mass meetings, it appears that the British people can't or won't recognize the existence of any substitute for a genuine, slap-up opening of a land offensive on the Continent. Although stern things have been said in the House of Commons about uninformed, emotional *vox-populi* clamor, the same kind of clamor has demonstrated its power before now in this war by throwing Chamberlain out and bringing Churchill and Cripps in.



The prudent can only share the hope expressed by Hore-Belisha, among others, that the new spirit of activism which is sweeping the country won't stampede the government into moving a man or a muscle before it is good and ready to do so. The government has certainly showed an extreme reluctance to be stampeded into a change of the war-planning machinery, and the recent two-day debate on the matter had a disappointingly flat flavor, possibly because a good deal of it boiled down to criticisms of the Prime Minister, who, by being absent on both days, gave the proceedings the pointless appearance of King Charles without his head. Members found themselves standing with their slingshots ready but no target in sight. What hitting there was turned out, generally speaking, to be of a pretty polite order, most of the attackers wrapping up their missiles so delicately that a more forthright naval gentleman rapped out with quarterdeck directness that he hoped to goodness they wouldn't have to see the Empire go down in a blaze of discretion.

Across the way, the Lords were mincing words a good deal less finely in what they had to say about the urgent necessity of investigating the authorities in London responsible for the Singapore disaster. The continuing resistance of the government to this demand has caused real uneasiness, since the public not unreasonably would like to feel assured that what has been wrong with the top layer of strategical planners is being corrected so that it will be ready for a future test, which, it's felt, may not be so far away. Loyal old Savoyards who remember their "Mikado" can't very well be blamed for deducing, even though they're loyal old Churchillians as well, that there's a possible excess of Gilbert and Sullivan in a system which calls on the Minister of Defense to criticize plans which, as Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff Committee, he has helped to draw up.

THE vital importance of the aid which Britain will be sending in one form or another to Russia this summer gives particular interest to a remarkable review of British war production just issued by Mass Observation, an organization which reports man-in-the-street reactions to social changes. The report, based on reactions collected between October and March, is a weighty affair covering every human aspect of war industry, from boss to worker, in about eighty firms in seven sample areas disguised by such names as Tanktown, Planetown, and War Village. The investigators found that roughly eight out of ten managing directors in big concerns were satisfied with war production and that about half the workers felt the efficiency level was pretty much all right. Things which may tip the scales one way or the other in the output of a factory were found to include the idiosyncrasies of the boss, the temper of the works manager, good or bad cooking in the canteen, the local bus service, and even the proportion of women workers married to soldiers. Women workers were bothered by the problem of shopping for their families because they had found that most of the food was gone by the time they could get out of their overalls and reach for the market basket. (This situation has since been straightened out in some districts by the Women's Voluntary Services' scheme of collecting shopping lists and money from factory workers in the mornings and bringing back the required goods in the evenings.) People were reported to be getting less sleep than they did before the war, and oversleeping was often given as a reason for absenteeism, which was discovered to be higher among women than among men. The report found that there was a general feeling of uneasiness among workers as to what shape the postwar economic world would take. The incentive of high wages is, it seems, surprisingly unimportant. "What the average worker wants more than a lot of money is a little security," the report sums up, and maybe that sums up nicely for the rest of us too.

MEANWHILE, various large and small changes affecting ordinary English lives are either in the offing or have come into force during the past week. The prohibition on the manufacture of lace curtains, those primly drawn veils over a million suburban lives, will put a temporary crimp in the Nottingham lace industry. The battle for coal rationing has trailed off into an uneasy truce, in which there's still talk of nationalization of the industry. Milk rationing is to be called off altogether for the next few weeks, thanks to a spate of good grass-growing weather. Reports from the country say that crops are doing fine, too. English farmers, encouraged by Göring's recent gloomy estimate of the German harvest, think that even English soil is going to turn in something special in this critical summer of 1942.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

[*From the Hollywood Reporter*]

Jack Chapman tells this story, although to us it sounds more like a scene from a horror flicker:

An unpopular Hollywood star, who's now retired from the picture scene, was addicted to putting on airs. Most frequently, she boasted about the fine cemetery plot she had bought for herself. The other week a group of people got talking about her, and decided to organize a party. With shakers of chilled cocktails and a tasty set of canapes, they motored to the cemetery, found the lady's plot and had a party on her grave site. They left a mess of paper napkins, paper cups and canape crumbs.

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NOTES ON SPORTS

Continuation of an Era

THE ninety-year-old Harvard-Yale regatta will begin to pall on at least one of its principals if it goes on for another ninety years the way it has for the past seven. Both parties are in the groove, you might say, but Yale's groove is somewhat deeper, having assumed, last Saturday at Derby, the proportions of a rut. Not since 1935 have the Yales come in better than second in this bewhiskered rivalry, and in the 1942 race there was room for two or three other boats and one motorcycle between them and the Harvards at the finish. Considering that the distance was only two miles instead of the usual four, there was nothing undecisive about this margin. The only thing that can be said to cheer the Bulldog in these lean years is that at least it is being kicked around by the smoothest operator in the business. (Any hoots and catcalls from the West Coast are based only on theory, since Harvard doesn't row against the University of Washington.) Last Saturday there was a run on the Harvard boat, as the lingo has it, that caused the old oarsmen on the banks of the Housatonic to exclaim "Corking!" and "Oh, rowed, by George!" The momentum the lads established, that is, kept the boat running steadily, with never a falter—or check, to get back to the lingo—between strokes. This happy state was achieved with a beat that was four or five strokes to the minute slower than Yale's for almost the entire distance. The fact that Yale's No. 7 man caught a crab somewhere around the quarter-mile mark had little to do with the outcome. Harvard would have won if it had stopped to fill a good-sized order for the Fulton Fish Market.

These bouquets apply equally to the rest of the Crimson crews that turned out Saturday, since they all won as handily and monotonously as the varsity. By and large, the several thousand people who stayed away from this year's regatta showed commendable judgment. That juicy spectator fleet which used to show up when the affair was held at New London was absent, of course, and the only yachts to look at were six or eight feet long and oar-driven. They were manned by little boys who didn't seem to have much interest in what the college guys were doing, but sensibly paddled about on private business, splashing water into the other fellow's boat or stopping to bail out their own.

An institution that goes right on, although unnoticed by whatever onlookers there are, is the stake-boat man. His job is to sit at the starting line with other stake-boat men, each in a tethered rowboat, and hold on to one of the shells until the starting signal. Where he comes from and where he goes when his daily task is over is a field for conjecture. It doesn't seem as though he could live on board, because there isn't room, but no one has ever seen him go ashore. When a race has started and there is no shell to hold on to until the next one, he lies on his back and thinks, not even talking to the other stake-boat men. If he is a draft-dodger, he should be brought to justice, or if he is just a harmless poet, someone ought to go out and pick up his copy.

RAY ROBINSON, the welterweight fighter who, at this writing, has not lost a fight, is an old acquaintance of mine, and I can't watch his progress in the ring without a pang. Nothing serious, you understand—just an occasional twinge. The reason is that when I talked to him up in Harlem a few years ago, he was a young Golden Glover with no serious plans about boxing for a living. He said then that he wanted to be a tap dancer. He was earning a little money running errands for a grocery store, but he hoped to go on the stage, like Bojangles. Then he won a Golden Gloves title, turned pro, won fame and fortune, and I daresay forgot all about those early dreams. Or does he, when he is moving in for the kill, remember his old ambition and do a wistful double shuffle? It's something to watch for, if you get a chance.

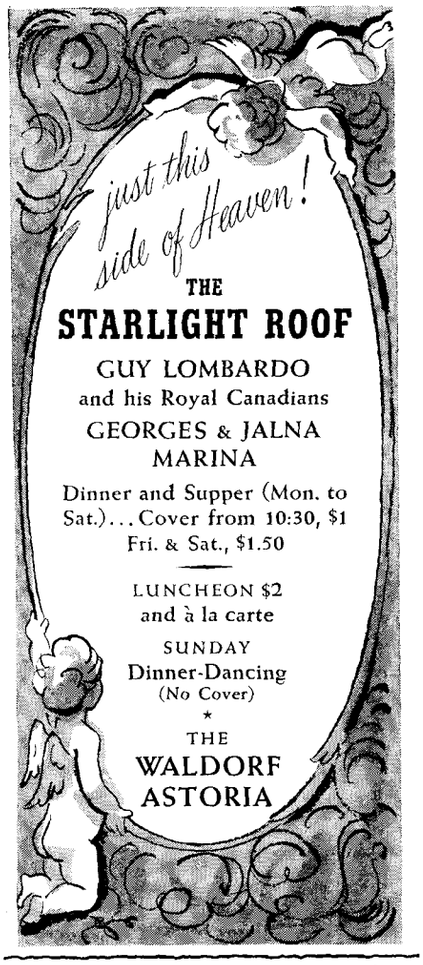
—DAVID LARDNER

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Times Magazine*]

The devotion of Mr. Freeman began about ten years ago when he was assigned, as a Western Union messenger, to deliver a telegram to Miss Crawford on a train arriving at Grand Central. He had admired her previously, he says, when he was a boy living down in Kentucky, but seeing her in real life was a transcendent experience. "It was," he says, "like looking at a painting one has always loved. I felt exactly the way I did in school when studying Rosa Bonheur's 'The Horse Fair.'"



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FREE, WHITE, AND TWENTY-ONE

THE Law Building was one of the newest on the campus. It was small and austere and built of gray stone and stood apart from the older buildings, which had the traditional ivy on warm red brick or the expected classic façade with white columns. The Law Building was functional. It looked as though its architect had had a model courthouse in mind when he planned it.

It was Monday and Arthur Manning and Ted Strauss walked across the campus in the warm May sun and up the steps of the building. They were carrying rawhide briefcases. It was their first year at law school and they had both graduated *summa cum laude* from the same university the year before. Ted wore slacks and no tie and he needed a shave.

"It came this morning," he said to Arthur. "I'm 4F. They don't want me."

"You too?" Arthur asked. "Your ticker, huh?"

Ted nodded and pulled open the heavy door. They walked through the cool hall, where a group of students loitered before the beginning of class. Arthur whistled aimlessly, then he stopped in his tracks and saluted his friend. "Strauss," he said, in a mock top-sergeant voice, "the Army is honored to present you with the Order of the Bum Heart." He leaned forward to pin an imaginary medal on Ted's sweater, then he kissed him on both cheeks. "*C'est la guerre*, as they say in Free France."

Ahead of them, four other boys opened the door to a classroom. Three of the boys went in and one of them, a boy with blond hair, waited to hold the door open for Arthur and Ted. He clicked his heels together at Ted's approach.

"Congratulations, Strauss," he said. "Now you're one of us. Pete Cornell told me. Eighty little law students standing in a line. Sixty-two were drafted and then there were eighteen."

"Oh, go hang out your shingle!" Ted said. He started into the classroom, Arthur following him silently.

"What shingle?" the blond boy called after Ted. "What shingle? Where?"

INSIDE the classroom the heavy, cream-colored shades were drawn to keep out the strong glare of the sun. It was a large room, with chairs arranged in a semicircle around the professor's desk. There were chairs for two hundred students. The boys were not assigned to particular seats but could sit where they pleased. Out of habit, they usually took the same ones each time. Five of them settled in the back of the room, near the door. There were wide gaps between those in front—gaps which, at the beginning of the semester, had been filled.

Professor McRary looked up from his book as the boys filed into the room for his Monday lecture. He was tall and thin. His light-brown hair had receded halfway up his head and his features were finely drawn, almost feminine. He had a look of perpetual eyestrain.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said when the eighteen boys were seated. His smile was pleasant, sympathetic, and overanxious. "You might as well all sit in that corner over by the windows, so we can keep it intimate."

The boys at the back of the room picked up their books and came forward. None of the eighteen acknowledged the Professor's greeting as they took their places in a small, tight group in the designated corner.

Professor McRary took a pencil from behind his ear and tapped his front teeth with it. He looked around him and put the pencil on the desk. It rolled onto the floor. As he bent over to pick it up, he heard Arthur Manning yawn noisily. Johnson, the blond boy, stretched his arms and flung his legs out in front of him.

"We haven't even begun," Professor McRary said, trying the sympathetic smile again. "It's a little early to be bored, isn't it?"

It was not, he knew, a very amusing remark, but ordinarily there would have been some response—a polite titter, anyway. Now there was none. Something had got them. Something besides the usual spring rebellion, he felt.

He walked to the nearest window, lifted the shade, and glanced out. The lawns looked fresh and green and the new leaves on the trees rippled in the afternoon wind. Across the way, at Grant Hall, a group of undergraduates were gathered about the doorway. The girls laughed shrilly and applauded while one of the boys imitated Red Skelton, the radio comedian. "I dood it!" he was shouting.

Professor McRary let the shade drop back into place. "I know it's a nice day," he said. "But there are finals next week and this is a class in Torts. Just to prove that I was young once myself, we won't take up anything new today." He turned amiably to the blond boy.

"Johnson," he asked, "will you review the case of Hodgson versus Minelli?"

The blond boy crossed his arms and looked at the Professor. "I don't know it," he said.

"Of course you know it. We went over that case the last time we met."

"I still don't know it," the blond boy insisted.

The Professor's forehead wrinkled. He cleared his throat and looked at Arthur, who was drawing designs all over the pages of his neatly typed notebook.

"Manning, are you prepared to recite on Hodgson versus Minelli?"

"No. No, I'm not." Arthur clasped his hands at the back of his head and squinted at a fly that was walking on the ceiling.

"You were particularly enthusiastic about it on Friday, Manning."

"Was I?" Arthur continued to study the progress of the fly.

Professor McRary looked into the faces of the boys. They looked back at him either in dull stupor or brassy annoyance. He was sure now that it was not spring fever he was having to contend with but something a good deal more serious. He walked over to one of the windows and put his hand toward the shade in an unconscious gesture, then he let it fall to his side. He looked at the boys again. For years he had been proud of turning out brilliant students. Many of them became successful attorneys. One of them had become a state Supreme Court Judge. He smiled as he remembered the alert eyes and overconfident voice of a boy named Brand, who had become one of the youngest district attorneys in the state before he was disbarred for fixing cases. Well, no matter about Brand. He had gone somewhere, as McRary had predicted, even if he had gone to the wrong place.

Professor McRary checked the names of the eighteen boys against his attendance list. Johnson—turned down for bad eyes. Sullivan—rejected for bad lungs. Olson—crippled. . . . They were all looking at him as though they hated him, with apathetic contempt for what he stood for. Somewhere in the room one of them was humming, off key, "From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli."

"Kenyon, that noise isn't necessary," Professor McRary said. If only one of them would talk, he thought. If only one of them would act as if it's worth while

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being interested. Because there'll have to be lawyers. There always have been.

"Strauss," Professor McRary asked, "are you prepared to talk on Hodgson versus Minelli?"

The question was purely formal. Strauss was always prepared. He had a magnificent analytical and retentive mind. He was top man in his class, with straight A's in Torts and Contracts and Constitutional Law. The Friday before, he had given a complete report on the case of Hodgson versus Minelli, including all the precedents. He had analyzed it perfectly and had even gone so far as to present arguments to show how the judge's decision might have been reversed.

He stood up. None of the other boys had. Professor McRary began to relax. "Sorry, sir. Unprepared," he said, and sat down.

Professor McRary's pale face reddened. His voice broke into a hundred angry pieces. "In that case," he said, "suppose we dismiss this class for the rest of the term?" He looked around the room and waited for an answer. "Suppose we just give up and not meet any more?" The shades flapped against the half-opened windows.

"Well, you could call a recess till next Monday," Arthur said.

Professor McRary turned to face the windows. He pulled one of the shades down so sharply that it snapped from his hand to the top of the window with such force that its wooden roller began to spin dizzily. The sun poured into the room. The boys blinked like owls in sudden daylight.

"We'll meet as usual on Wednesday," Professor McRary said. His voice had authority. "We'll meet on Wednesday and review the case of Hodgson versus Minelli thoroughly. I expect you to be prepared by then."

Across the way, at Grant Hall, a girl in a yellow sweater was putting on lipstick. The sunlight, shining directly on her gold compact, was blindingly bright. Professor McRary looked up the campus road and saw two girls on bicycles riding down the gravelled slope. They were laughing and not holding onto the handlebars at all.

"Well, anyway," he said, "it's a nice day." He walked out of the room and left them sitting there.

—Doris Gilbert

•

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AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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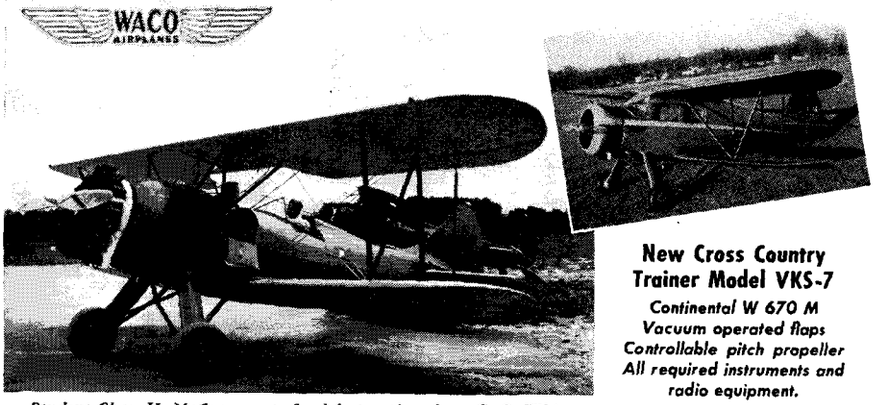

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THE THEATRE

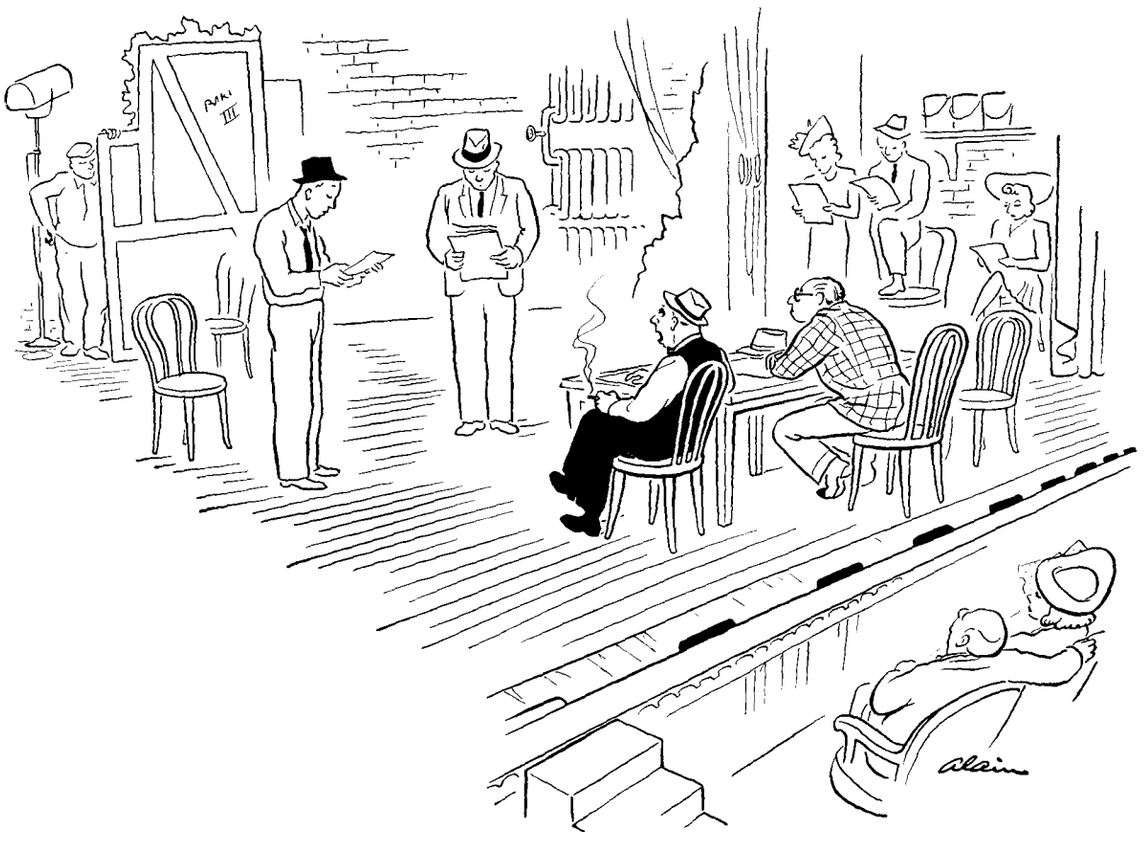
FAIR ENOUGH

WHILE certainly no part of the famous company that includes "Kind Lady," "Payment Deferred," "Rope's End," or "Angel Street," "Uncle Harry," at the Broadhurst, is a very satisfactory melodrama, and probably has, in this discouraging season, even a sort of vague distinction. Thomas Job's play, I guess, is considerably better in conception than execution. The idea of a poisoner so mild and genial that the police indulgently refuse to accept his confession is a good one, and the method and purpose of his crime are ingeniously worked out. The trouble lies, as it so often does in these macabre exercises, in the fact that Mr. Job's material is obviously not sufficient for a full-length play: too much time is devoted to aimless conversation, to superfluous explanation of the plot, or else to dialect comedy of a more or less painful nature. On the whole, I had a good time, but I would have had a much better one if the author hadn't been obliged to spread his effects quite so thin. Mr. Job has provided us with one excellent character in Uncle Harry (after thirty years on the American stage, incidentally, Joseph Schildkraut remains as triumphantly Viennese as "The Merry Widow Waltz") and with two moments of high tension—the murder itself and the final scene, in which the Governor mildly declines to believe that Harry did indeed spike his sister's cocoa with prussic acid. Altogether, there is almost enough at the Broadhurst to make a really superior mystery show, but not quite.

In addition to Mr. Schildkraut, the cast includes Eva Le Gallienne, A. P. Kaye, and Beverly Roberts. They all have that easy, offhand competence you'd naturally expect.

A PLAYWRIGHT friend of mine, whose wife had displayed at least a temperate enthusiasm for "The Strings, My Lord, Are False," explained her away indulgently. "She always did like a rough draft," he said. I can think of no better description of Paul Vincent Carroll's new composition at the Royale. Like the first version of almost any work of art, it is casually constructed, untidily written, and contains a good deal of matter that sober second thought would undoubtedly have referred to the wastebasket. As produced, Mr. Carroll's play seems to me one of the season's leading oddities. For one thing, like Noah's ark, it offers two of practically everything—two heroes (Walter Hampden and Colin Keith-Johnston), two heroines (Ruth Gordon and Margot Grahame), two villains (Reynolds Evans and Tom Tully), two character comedians (Will Lee and Art Smith), and, for abundant measure, two pregnant women (Miss Gordon again and Alice MacKenzie). For another, the main line of the author's thought is remarkably hard to follow through the thick underbrush of secondary ideas. Mr. Carroll, I gather, is opposed to clerical hypocrisy, wartime profiteering, intellectual pacifism, and Germans; he is for love, alcohol, tolerance, and little children. While these are all certainly admirable likes and dislikes, it may be disconcerting to hear them all debated at once. Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner achieved somewhat the same effect, at least for me, a few years ago when she played seven or eight people simultaneously on the same stage.

"The Strings, My Lord, Are False" ("Julius Caesar," Act IV, Scene 3, in case it's been on your mind) deals with the bombing of a Scottish town and, like "The Wookey" and "The Heart of a City," it is replete with dreadful sound effects. It further resembles them in that you get the impression that high explosives serve only to prod the average Englishman into strange flights of rhetoric. For all I know, people in air-raid shelters may really talk like Channing Pollock, but I'm afraid I'll never believe it on the stage. Of Carroll's plot, all I can say is that it defies synopsis almost as fiercely as the



"Matinées, I suppose you'd better say 'witches.'"

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original "Hellz-a-Poppin." The members of the cast are numerous, industrious, and from time to time even manage to suggest the behavior of human beings.

"War and Peace," translated to the stage of the Studio Theatre down on West Twelfth Street, was a worthy experiment but somewhat on the dreary side. The scope of this novel being what it is, Erwin Piscator was driven to an almost endless series of stylized blackouts. What those illiterates who had never happened to read Count Tolstoy's book made of all this I don't know, since even the hardiest enthusiasts appeared to be giving occasional signs of distress. Personally, I had that sense of being the helpless victim of an artistic experiment that has driven me at one time or another from practically every theatre in New York. Prominent in the cast were Hugo Haas, Alfred Urban, Warner Anderson, Paul Mann, and Dolly Haas. They had an unusual variety of accents, some of which were indubitably Muscovite.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

WILLIAM PEARTREE

In seventeen-three New York was gayer,
For William Peartree was twenty-eighth Mayor;
There's little to say of his worth and fame
Except that he bore such a lovely name
And doubtless had, whatever his failings,
A pear tree blowing behind his palings.
The town hadn't yet reached City Hall Park,
It wasn't well lighted after dark,
So the watchmen tripped, on their nightly beats,
Over the pigs in the muddy streets.
But the city was growing in wealth and power,
For trade was fair in furs and flour,
And glad was the heart of each taxpayer
That a man named Peartree ruled as Mayor. —Arthur Guiterman

•

Adeline de Walt Reynolds at the age of eighty years is realizing a life-long ambition to become an actress.

Life has been a series of exciting adventures since the day when, five years ago, she stomped through the timothy hay on the family farm in Vinton, Iowa, to announce to her stern father that she intended to become an actress. She was roundly spanked.—*The Post.*

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE FINEST STREET IN TOWN

THE other day a friend of mine complained to me about Leon Henderson. Freezing orders have been pouring out of Henderson's OPA in so dazzling a rush that no one took much notice a few weeks ago when landlords in forty-six of our forty-eight states were warned that unless by June they froze all residential rents voluntarily, the government would probably be compelled to issue a freezing order. My friend, however, is a real-estate man and he took notice. When this order, he told me, goes into effect, and he assumes it will, we'll see the most drastic governmental control of property ever exercised in this country. War or no war, he didn't care for it and, being a reader of the *Daily News*, he wasn't at all sure it was necessary. Among other sinister effects, he said, leases will be nullified and laws governing the eviction of tenants will be altered in the tenants' favor. Having long taken an amateur interest in housing, I wanted to see something of the conditions that had led to the OPA ultimatum, even though I had no hope of settling this quarrel between my friend and Mr. Henderson. I decided to take a train, more or less at random, to one of a half-dozen war-boom Connecticut cities, choosing a Connecticut town for my excursion because it is in such areas as industrial New England that the order will have its severest effect. The OPA has asked that rents be frozen at various levels in various parts of the country, according to local conditions; Connecticut's level is that of April, 1941.

I arrived in my town on a bright May morning and, leaving the station, where the platforms were piled with freight, I walked down Main Street to the old-fashioned brownstone town hall. One of that anonymous brotherhood of idlers you find in the lobby of any town hall suggested that I speak to a young lawyer upstairs who was acting as head of a municipal fair-rents committee. I found him in an office on the third floor, listening to his daily quota of complaints; a queue of Negroes, Poles, Italians, and Yankees stood outside his door. I introduced myself, and the young lawyer leaned back in his chair and lit a cigarette.

"Not that our committee has ever had any legal power," he said. "We've just listened to the workers and tried to whip the landlords into line. And we've failed. That's why we're glad the OPA has stepped in to clean up the mess. Nobody else could do anything about it."

I asked him what types of housing the rent-freezing order would cover.

"All types," he said. "Single houses, flats, apartments, rooms furnished or unfurnished, hotels, trailers, auto camps, dormitories, residence clubs. Bang! Just like that."

"How do the landlords up here feel about this order?" I asked.

"You should hear them," he said. "It's bread from their babies' mouths. It's Communism. It's Austria in 1926. That's what one of them shouted at me this morning." The young lawyer shrugged, and went on, "Sure, it's bound to hurt some of the good landlords too, the ones that have been in business a long time. But most of these newcomers, these smart apples, are getting just what they asked for."

I understood, I said, that this area was one of the worst examples of overcrowding in the country. The young lawyer smiled, as if I had paid him a compliment. "One of the worst?" he said. "You heard that? Well, it's *the* worst! Easily the worst. Such headaches! Every day we fight over something—rent gouging, evictions, all the pretty little tricks. You wouldn't believe

"She says she can't make up her mind whether to go on after her M.A. or take up spot welding."

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what's happened to this town. The fine old people, they're all gone. The fine old houses, the old Yankee houses, all bought up by strangers, all full of strangers. All ruined."

"But I should think," I said, "you'd be glad to have the houses occupied, to have somebody paying taxes."

"You probably never saw this place before the boom," said the young lawyer. "Maybe we were a little provincial. I went to Columbia, so I guess I ought to know. But we got along all right. I read once that we were one of the ten richest towns in the United States." He flipped his cigarette into a spittoon, and continued, "Sure, the old sections of town were getting pretty seedy, but that's been going on here for three hundred years. The kids in a family keep breaking away and heading West. Eventually, the old houses would get torn down and the A. & P. would move in. And the taxes were paid, all right. But now—I'm telling you! Ten or fifteen thousand people have moved into town in the last two years, people looking for big money in the factories. We got no place to put them. O.K. So a lot of foxy little speculators have come in and bought up every old house they could find and packed them to the roof with war workers. They've been making a killing."

I asked him what would happen when the boom was over.

"You're asking me?" he said. "Look, why don't you take a little walk out beyond the factories? You'll see a lot more for yourself than I can tell you. Your guess is as good as mine concerning the future. Maybe you'll see why the OPA has stepped into this thing. The order will probably go into effect in a couple of weeks, so this is your last chance to get a look at the good old days. Joke! Why don't you walk out by Maple Avenue or Jefferson Street? Get ahold of one of the town's old-timers out there, like Doc Wells. He lives right on the corner of Main and Jefferson. Let him show you what's happened." The young lawyer threw up his hands. "Never so much money in town. Never such buying, never such packed movies. We even got a night club built onto one of our diners! And the town's ruined. The boom's ruining it. The tax rate's going up and the municipal services are going down. Too many transient kids to educate, too many transient fires to put out, too much transient garbage to collect. But not a dollar of transient taxes! Everybody's got his pockets full, but everybody feels like this." He held his head between his hands and rocked it back and forth. "Crazy? You go out and see."

I SAID goodbye to the young lawyer and walked west from the town hall, past aircraft and munitions factories, and past the Main Street storefronts. At first the streets were crowded with what were obviously wives of the men in the factories—girls in slacks, girls of nineteen or twenty with thin, cheerful faces, many of them standing by baby carriages almost too big for them to push. After a while the brick buildings began to thin out and I came to private houses set in big yards. Rows of maples and beeches stood along the stone sidewalks. On the corner of Main and Jefferson, I saw a plump, middle-aged man clipping a privet hedge. He had, I thought, the look of a doctor. I went up to him and said, "Dr. Wells?"

Not looking up, he said, "Why, sure. What can I do for you?"

I explained why I was in town. The Doctor dropped his shears in the grass. "The OPA?" he said. "And you want to see what's happened to this town? Well, I don't know the OPA from the ABC, but I know what's happened to this town, all right. The same thing that's happened to this street. Why, this was always the finest street in the whole darn town. Look at it now!"

I glanced up and down the street. It was about a half-mile long. It was lined with chalice-shaped elms, the houses set back from the curb in a jungle of untrimmed shrubs and bushes. Apparently all the houses had been built in the nineties, with shingled towers and wide porches and, on the lawns, an occasional cast-iron vase or dog. I saw no "Rooms for Rent" signs in any of the windows. "It looks all right to me," I said. "It looks as if nothing had happened here in forty years."

"You come along with me," Dr. Wells said. "I'll show you." He wiped his hands on his shirt. "Let my phone ring till it falls apart. I've been trying to retire for two years, and you know what's happened? I'm busier than ever. I examine eyes for the factories—been doing it for fifty years, and now they won't let me quit. Get kids from Michigan, Minnesota, Georgia, all over. Kids and old men and women. Examined a woman this morning that had come all the way from Missouri by bus. She'd heard about the big money way out there. Turned out she had one bad eye, so the aircraft and munitions factories won't give her a

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job. Too much precision work, you see. 'Don't worry about me,' she said. 'I'm only fifty-eight. I'll get along all right.'"

Dr. Wells pointed to a vacant lot across the street and said, "You should have seen the fine old house that stood over there. Stucco, with a red tile roof, two-story garage, a nice garden. The old maid who lived there, when she died she left all her money to build a baby wing at St. Mary's Hospital. Bank tried to sell her property for an apartment house, but the rest of us property owners kicked to the zoning board. So the bank tore the place down. That was the first one to go. That was only five years ago. I guess we should have let the bank do what it wanted. A nice apartment house would have been better than that blowsy, overgrown cellar hole. And it might have helped to save the street."

We walked slowly along the sidewalk. One by one, Dr. Wells ticked off the houses and told me what each had cost to build, who its former occupants had been, and what it had been sold for since the war boom began. Each house history went something like this: "See that place there, the one that looks like a big yellow ship beached in the trees? That's the old Hobson house. Hobson used to run the bank. He paid forty-five thousand dollars for that house. Then he added a wing in back. Had a bathroom in it when he bought it, but that wasn't good enough for Clara Hobson. There's three bathrooms in there now, *and* a lavatory. Old Clara died, and her children had the place for sale for years. Seemed as if nobody wanted a house as big as that. Then, when the aircraft factories started shouting for more men, some smart young fellow from Brooklyn came up and bought it. Paid practically nothing for it, and has the place crawling with workers. Wouldn't Clara Hobson be wild!"

Along the length of the street I counted thirty-two houses. According to Dr. Wells, twenty-three of them had been turned into rooming houses or boarding houses in the past five years, eighteen of them in the past year and a half. Of the remaining nine houses, one was his own, four were owned by the people who had always owned them, men and women in their eighties, and the four others belonged to some newly prosperous second-generation Americans. "You multiply that by the rest of the city," Dr. Wells said. "It's the same way everywhere. God knows where all the people come from. God knows what they'll do when the boom's over. But they're milking the city dry."

I told Dr. Wells I'd like to visit one of the boarding houses and see what it was like before the OPA would crack down. He refused to listen to any talk of OPA. "That gibberish," he said, waving his hand. "Well, why don't you try the old Brewer place over there? Some cowboy bought it five or six months ago."

THE old Brewer place was a three-story frame house, with the usual tower, bay windows, and pillared front porch. A cast-iron fountain stood in the side yard in a cast-iron basin, which was dry. I climbed the front steps and rang the bell. I explained to the stocky, gray-haired man who opened the door that I didn't want a room; I merely wanted to get some idea of the housing conditions in town. "Yeah?" he said. "Come on in. What do you want to know?" Then he grinned. "You think it's funny I didn't slam the door in your face? Say, with this OPA business, what the hell, I got nothing to hide. I've been making big money on this place and now if I try to stay in business I'm going to lose my shirt. So O.K. Where do we begin?"

I asked him how he had happened to buy the place.

"That's easy," he answered. "I come from Kansas, and I run a tire business out there. That is, I did. Along about December, I had to shut up shop. My wife and I been hearing about this boom, these factory jobs at ninety and a hundred a week, and we thought we'd take a ride East and look around. Detroit was a lot closer, but we'd been to Detroit—you know how it is? When we got here we stopped at a rooming house on the next street, and the lady running it says, 'That'll be twenty dollars this week for the two of you.' So we knew we weren't in Kansas any more. I began to figure maybe this was the business to be in, taking it away from the ones that was earning it. I found out this place was for sale. It cost about sixty thousand, the agent said. He was asking twenty. Well, I had a little nest egg in the bank back home, and I said to him, 'All right. I'll give you six.' Finally I got it for eight. A thousand bucks down and the rest in mortgage. Then we went to one of those cheap furniture stores on Main Street and bought about six hundred dollars' worth of cots, chairs, bureaus, and blankets. Paid a hundred bucks down, the rest on time. We had the front of the house painted and the inside stairs. Nobody notices the rest. Then I put an ad in the papers: 'Guest Home. War Workers Solicited. Enjoy the Atmosphere of This Fine Old

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Street.' You see, you don't call 'em boarding houses any more, even though that's just what they are. You don't even call 'em guest houses. Guest homes —that sounds cozier, doesn't it? And that's what gets 'em. Most of these kids are pretty lonely, a thousand miles from home."

I asked him if I might see the house. The man had a dust cloth in his hand. He explained, shyly, that he did all the cleaning, his wife cooked, and a colored girl came by the day to make the beds and wait on the table. Except for the dining room, there were no public rooms. Two girls slept in cots in the parlor, a man and his wife and child in the library. They were allowed the use of the bathroom at the head of the stairs. The girls, who had come from North Carolina and worked as inspectors of gun barrels, paid twenty dollars a week apiece for room and board. Presumably they were earning between thirty and forty dollars a week. The family in the library paid fifty dollars a week. Working seven days, the head of the family was earning around ninety dollars a week. The landlord said that at first he had charged a rate of only thirty dollars. "But when I found out," he said, "what the guy was earning—"

Upstairs, there were five bedrooms. Three of them held two cots apiece, the two others held three cots. The twelve cots were all occupied by workers at the aircraft plants, who paid the same rates as the girls downstairs. "This is beginning to sound like big business," I said.

"Sure it is," the landlord said. "Ninety dollars a week downstairs and two hundred and forty a week up here. But the third floor is where we pick up velvet." We climbed the dark back stairs. "Not that we charge so much," he went on, "but we get a big turnover and we don't serve these roomers any meals. We rent the same cots to workers in different shifts, so we can't bother to board them. There are three shifts a day at the factories, but we usually limit the boys to two shifts a day here. You can take a look at the big room—the other one's ours—but keep quiet. The boys are asleep."

He opened a door and I glanced into a long room running the width of the attic. There were six cots in the room, a man asleep on each of them. Soiled clothing, sheets, and suitcases lay scattered across the floor. The air was hot. Shutting the door, the landlord said, "Seven bucks a week apiece. These boys work from eleven at night till seven in

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A&F

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ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK

the morning. They have to be out of here by three in the afternoon. That's when the seven-to-three day shift knocks off work and comes back here to sleep. We have twelve to fifteen boys sharing the room regularly. That brings our total take to around four hundred bucks a week. Out of that we net around two fifty. A lot of other places clear more than that. We've got back two or three times the thousand we put in to buy it, and the cost of furniture and repairs."

"How will the OPA rent-freezing order affect your place and the rest of the places in town?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, "my wife and I are clearing out." We walked down two flights of stairs to the front porch. "The OPA's shoving the rents back to April, 1941. That's the same as saying before the Flood. People like us, who weren't here, will have to cut our rates to meet the rates that everybody else was charging in those days. Even if we find somebody willing to pay a little more for a room, we won't be able to throw an old tenant out or jack up the rent. And that's all part of the game. There'll be no more velvet. But we've seen the country and we've made some dough."

"But what will happen to the tenants?" I asked.

"Well, lowering rents won't make any more room in town," he said, "and that's where the whole trouble lies, but that's not the OPA's headache. The landlords will try to pack twice as many people in the same space at half the rent, I guess. Maybe you'd call that solving the problem. Either way, the workers get it in the neck. These eighty- and ninety-bucks-a-week jobs aren't as pretty as they look."

"But what are you going to do about your house?" I asked.

The landlord glanced up and down the street. At the corner we could see Dr. Wells slowly clipping his privet hedge. "We'll hand it back to the bank that holds the mortgage," he said. "Hell's bells, what will happen to all these places? By the time the boom's over they won't be able to give away this house. But long before that my wife and I will be settled down again in Kansas." The landlord shook his head. "It's a crime, isn't it? Maybe you won't believe it, but they say this used to be the finest street in town."

—BRENDAN GILL

•

Sacrifice means doing without something that hurts.—*The Times.*

Like tight shoes?

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

For Young Patriots

THE movie people have taken our patriotic education severely in hand this week and been anxious that no possible laxity permeate the atmosphere. It is rather regrettable that with all their loftiness of zeal and aim they should have floundered a little, as though under too great demands, too overwhelming a burden. There are shots in "Ships with Wings," for instance, a British product now being presented in town, which are as exciting and realistic as fine newsreel material, yet the final effect is dimmish. Planned in appreciation of the famous H.M.S. Ark Royal, which was later, not in the film, to be lost in the Mediterranean, the picture shows us the launching of the remarkable plane carrier, which persistently reminds a skeptical Navy officer of the old school of a block of slums, and later traces a chapter or two of its services in the Mediterranean, with a climax built up around an attack on a region in the Near East.

The landing of planes on the carrier and their departure, the mechanical details revealed, and the like, have their fascination. It is clear, however, I think, that the film has been drastically cut, indeed practically clawed to pieces. And though the elisions may have shortened the story and the romance, which is a relief, and one does not feel cheated of any great scenes, the hacking and sawing have been pretty brutal. We are again and again mystified by the behavior of individuals who come and go in the various scenes, die gallantly in showy air fights, spy under Grecian ruins, fight with bare fists for the love of the various heroines, all in episodes left without foundation. Aside from this mystification or bewilderment, which leaves one a bit impatient, the big fighting incidents, as I have said, have genuine force. Some sensible planning, some discretion in the early days of the making of the picture, might have made "Ships with Wings" a rare piece, one of the fine war films.

Our American offering of a like inspirational intention is "Ten Gentlemen from West Point," a suitable affair, I should say, for twelve-year-olds who plan a military career. Having no more finesse than the British picture, this moreover lacks the excitement of modern warfare, of crashing planes and so on, but serves to remind us that the Academy did not always exist and that the idea of it was actually at one time a controversial issue. There was an actual effort made to discourage cadets by the severity of their treatment. It was the ardor of the students which saved the school, even against the opposition of the Secretary of War. The Battle of Tours also appears to have had something to do with it. The one professorial figure on the staff featured that eighth-century commotion, and it was the strategy learned in the schoolroom from this antiquarian that led the West Point boys to victory in their actual experience with war, the battle against Tecumseh. This sealed their triumph and assured the Academy its proud future on the highlands above the Hudson. Even the Secretary of War concedes at last that there might be room in our setup for a school for officers. I must say that by the time his concession is made, one has been through a great deal, for this is a film which definitely has not been clawed by the cutters.

"TAKE A LETTER, DARLING" sneaks in under the fence at the same time as these other pictures, and I suppose there is nothing to be done about it but accept its presence. A light, smarty thing with Rosalind Russell as a businesswoman and Fred MacMurray as her gigolo secretary—stolid in the part, too—it is out-and-out frivolity. Sometimes it is rather funny. After all, you don't have to tell everyone that you have been to see it. —JOHN MOSHER

•

This is a picture of a big fire that occurred in Charlestown, Mass., late in the evening of September 18, 1941. While no lives were lost, it was a big and spectacular conflagration, and many thousands of dollars worth of food materials was destroyed, and there was danger to nearby railroad property, and the consequent possibility of a serious tie-up of transportation for an immense amount of defense materials. This brought out an unusual number of pieces of fire apparatus and caused great activity upon the part of the department until the fire was under control. Altogether it afforded a fine opportunity to try out some ideas that I had long had in mind.—*From a story in American Photography.*

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OF ALL THINGS

DEVELOPMENTS over the weekend have left our people in a scrambled state of mind. The news from Russia has been fairly good, from China pretty bad, and from the Treasury Department simply terrible.

•

High government officials tell us not to get our hopes up too much. We should have only gloomy optimism, and very little of that.

•

The British say that Marshal von Bock disagrees with Hitler's plans for the Russian campaign. Other generals have found that such talk is injurious to the health.

•

Heinrich Himmler, the famous trouble-shooter, has been sent to Holland. If he finds any Dutchmen suffering from unrest, he is to cure them instantly.

•

Correspondents released from concentration camps in Italy report that the food situation in that country is mixed. The people haven't enough to eat but they are fed up with Mussolini.

•

In this supposedly free country we are not permitted to talk about the weather. In Germany, on the other hand, nobody is allowed to talk about anything else.

•

Western senators are fighting the proposed rationing of gasoline in the regions where supplies are plentiful. We assume that they are prepared to pass a law forbidding blowouts.

•

Hamilton Fish declares that it is not fair to use his pre-Pearl Harbor record against him in this campaign. We must all try to remember that history began on December 7th.

•

Economists have good reason to hope that a postwar slump can be avoided by the need for civilian goods. When this all-out war is over, we shall be all out of everything.

•

Laval remarks that his presence in the French government does not seem to inspire confidence in Washington. We always knew he was going to be right about something someday.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IN my burbling enthusiasm for the talent and taste which are being applied to inexpensive ready-to-wear clothes, I probably have forgotten to caution you that no costume, whatever its cost, can possibly look like the traditional million dollars unless it is perfectly fitted. Possibly my quarrel with the indiscriminate wearing of slacks is based on the fact that the average woman doesn't bother to have so-called informal clothes fitted carefully; she is likely to be equally nonchalant with clothes which cost very little, though she will put a fitter through tortures to have any evening dress fixed to do the utmost for her figure. Better to spend a bit less for a cotton dress and have something left over for alterations than to shoot the works and try to do without fitting.

Hattie Carnegie's Cotton Cottage, in her 31 East 48th Street entrance, continues to astound the customers and the proprietress of the shop herself with its values. The Carnegie public dotes on separate skirts of either day or evening length, made of fabrics that range from lowly calicoes to the hauteur of white bengaline. Usually they are full-skirted below a wide, tight waistband, and often they are accompanied by blouses —too often blouses of a peasant type, which I tend to abhor for anyone save the very young. Among the many cotton dresses, the tongue-in-the-cheek special consists of a mauve rayon-linen skirt that has slit pockets lined with a Liberty-type print and a round-necked basque blouse of a lavender-and-white calico print (very your-grandmother) that has vertical appliqué stripes in every possible kind of pattern and material—polka dots, gingham checks, floral prints, and the like on dimities, calicoes, and chambrays. This is $20. Another monkey trick is a blue-and-white checked gingham blouse with a polka-dot yoke and skirt to match, and there are red-and-white checked gingham bands at the waist and hem to add further to the patchwork-quilt mood.

Few people anywhere are buying formal evening clothes, but many and elaborate are the clothes that carry the dining-at-home label. Carnegie has one of the most beautiful pairs of hostess pajamas I've ever seen—a tailored, plain crêpe shirt and slender pants, plus a printed-shantung, long-sleeved bolero and a flowing circular skirt that ties in front. This set of four pieces costs $30 and doesn't look a War Savings Stamp under $130. Back to earth again, the shop harbors quantities of lovely summer and travelling suits which cost from $30 to $40. These have well-cut jackets with long waists; tailored gilets are the rule, and the fabrics may be shantungs, rayon linens, sheers, or fabrics that resemble alpaca. I candidly don't know any place or season where or when they have been topped.

CHEZ Bloomingdale (at Lexington and 59th, as if you didn't know), there is furtherance of the popular cause which embraces the loose, tailored blouse with long sleeves. It is made particularly attractive in the Junior Department (sizes 9 to 17), at $2.95. The blouses here are splashed with green leaves and giant blossoms in all sorts of colors; they represent a fad which may pall but will be mighty gay and becoming while it lasts. To accompany these, there are rayon-gabardine slacks ($4.50) with fly fronts to make you look even slimmer through the hips and spun-rayon twill slacks ($3.95) that feel like wool. Separate skirts appear, too, either finely gored or box-pleated.

Bloomingdale's sweaters are always

"Now this is our very newest. It's called 'Courage.'"

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exceptional, and this season some zephyr-wool ones come with a few extra strands of the yarn that may be knitted or braided into a bow for your hair. These are $3.50 and $4.50, and Shetland skirts to match put your budget back another $4.95. The colors are heavenly. Among them are hyacinth blue, coral, and pale yellow. They bring you a bit of old Bermuda, at Lexington Avenue prices.

DOODADS: Mary Chess has a wonderful Cooling Lotion (liberally splashed with menthol), which provides the most amazing refreshment for tired feet or entire torsos at the end of a hot day. Ladylike dabs of lotion on wrists, foreheads, and the backs of necks may come into fashion again with this. Chess presents it alone ($1) or done up with a big puff filled with bath powder, at $2. This is sold by most of the leading department stores. . . . At the Chess salon, 334 Park Avenue (50th), you'll find not only this lotion but the lovely scents and sachets that have made her famous, as well as rare containers which are connoisseur treasures. Her potpourri comes either in Chinese porcelain bowls on teak stands or old brocade pincushions which have been saturated with it. There are beautiful antique one-of-a-kind perfume containers, like miniature Dutch coal scuttles, English silver needle cases, or muff bottles of milk glass decorated with thistles—many things that date back more than a century. . . . Renée Thornton's White Orchid Toilet Water is lovely, fresh, and attractive, and (for some elfin reason) faintly spiced with a suggestion of carnation. You can get it at Saks and Wanamaker. . . . If there is any doubt in the minds of regular readers that I consider Arthur Gilmore, 16 East 52nd Street, a king among luggage-makers, let it herewith be dispelled. He makes his own luggage and delights in suiting special needs. Currently, he is having the time of his life with luggage in a dark-red calf, which he merrily dubs the Washington Widow Special. It's sort of gaudy in anything but small pieces. A Gilmore specialty is making up train boxes to hold your favorite bottles and jars, bobbie pins, and tweezers, and still leave room for a nightgown, a book, and a change of underwear. This sort of travelling companion appears in many forms, the most de luxe being a deep, oblong box with a handle on top and a front which drops down, revealing bottles and jars set in at the top and many drawers that pull out below (including a secret one for your jools). Train and bottle cases start at $47. And Gilmore's straightforward suitcases and hatboxes, lined with striped shirting, have never been bettered, to my mind. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Bombproofing

SOME of the home-defense devices you have been hearing about are now more than mere rumors and are actually on sale in the stores. Want to buy an air-raid shelter? Artek-Pascoe, the modern-furniture shop at 16 East 49th Street, has one that looks something like an igloo and costs $135, plus a $10 charge for shipping and installing it within fifty miles of New York. It's an indoor shelter, made of wood blocks and meant to be set up in cellars or basements as a protection against falling beams and masonry. The structure is three and a half feet high, covers thirty-four square feet of floor space (not quite as much as the average grand piano), accommodates four persons, all more or less prone, and will undoubtedly prove irresistible to the children of the family as an all-season rainy-day playhouse. To give you an idea of what you should put inside, the shop has fitted it up with all the standard equipment, including a double mattress and bedding, an axe, shovel, and crowbar, a stirrup pump, pails for water and sand, an oil lantern, a flashlight, a first-aid kit, a supply of ready-to-eat canned foods, and some personal equipment, like asbestos gloves and a helmet. The shop has one such shelter all set up in its own basement, where you can see it any day and even crawl inside and get an idea of what it's like.

GARINOL, a wonderful transparent and colorless liquid which turns ordinary glass into non-shatterable safety glass, is being sold at Abercrombie & Fitch, Hammacher Schlemmer, Lewis & Conger, and Altman. A gallon, which will coat about 325 square feet of windowpane (thirty or so average-size windows), costs $12.50, and the coating is said to remain effective for a minimum of a year, through window-washings and all. Garinol is applied like paint, dries in a few hours, is non-inflammable once it hardens on the glass, and, except for the occasional brush-stroke marks, which even an expert painter can't hope to avoid, is absolutely invisible. For that matter, you can avoid even those streaks by spraying the stuff on instead of painting it.

There's a great deal that could be said about the efficiency and value of Garinol, which is probably the most important home-defense item to be made available to American householders so far, but none of it would be half as convincing as the demonstrations now being run off daily at Rockefeller Center's Museum of Science and Industry. At two and four every afternoon and at eight every evening, the Museum's home-defense lecturer puts Garinol-treated glass through some hair-raising paces, which are in themselves worth the small admission price and must be seen to be believed. A life-size but non-explosive bomb is smashed against a Garinol-coated windowpane with force sufficient to splinter any ordinary pane into a thousand deadly fragments, but the glass at the Museum merely collapses gently, limply, and harmlessly, somehow managing to stay all in one piece. A similarly coated light bulb bounces around a little the first few times it is thrown on the floor and finally collapses just like the windowpane, whereupon the lecturer picks it up and crushes it casually in his fist. Your reaction to the sight of his unscathed palm after this feat probably will be a rush to buy a can of Garinol.

If you stay for the complete lecture, you'll also learn the right way to put out incendiary bombs with water, and you'll see a fire-extinguishing powder called Instant A-Z in action. This preparation won't put out incendiaries, but it seems to work like magic at smothering the fires they start and has the virtue of being effective in the hands of any untrained fire-fighter, since it needs only to be scattered by hand upon the flames. You can buy it at Lewis & Conger in two-and-a-half-pound tubes costing $2.25.

AN industrial exhibition held earlier this month at Lewis & Conger provided a fairly clear picture of what may be expected from now on in the way of homely comforts and domestic luxuries. The outlook wasn't unattractive and many of the things on display are already available at the same shop. Shower curtains are out in a material made of coal, air, and water. It has an amazing resemblance to the translucent rubbery cloth we all grew up with and comes in even more beautiful colors. There are blankets which, although eighty-eight per cent pure rayon, are as soft and light as a fine grade of wool and are said to have plenty of warmth in their thick, fluffy nap. Clothes-hangers are being made entirely of wood and are

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none the worse for it. Those gleaming chromium bathroom fixtures in L. & C.'s celebrated Bath Shop—towel racks, shelves, paper-holders, etc.—are being replaced by plastic duplicates, and in the kitchenware department you'll see more plastics substituting for metals and rubber in every imaginable accessory, even sink-scrapers, canisters, and cookie-cutters. Gardeners may expect to find lawn-sprinklers made of porcelain and hose nozzles of the ubiquitous plastics.

About the only things in the whole show at which noses might have been turned up with some reason were paper window curtains (for which there seems very little excuse, since cottons and rayons are still plentiful and unlikely to be affected to any degree by the war) and comforters with sisal stuffing, which does a remarkably poor job of solving the admittedly unavoidable problem of substituting for wool, as it makes a heavy, unwieldy covering that promises small comfort on a cold night, no matter what warmth you might get out of it. You'd never be able to snuggle into a sisal comforter.

The hit of the show, for my money, was the new liquid which you spray into bathtubs and upon the floors of shower stalls to make them non-skid. As long as this stuff is around—and they swear it's here to stay—I doubt if anyone is going to miss rubber mats, which, of course, have already been prioritied out of existence.

BETTER-LATE-THAN-NEVER CORNER: Lord & Taylor are offering flounced petticoats for beds, made of embroidered muslin and also of washable Everglaze chintz. Their tops tuck between mattress and spring, and the flounces keep the bed legs decorously concealed, even when the spread is removed at night. Decorators have done a fine custom-order business in these things for years and handy housewives have run them up on their own sewing machines, but the stores have been lackadaisical about ready-made versions until now, or else they have kept them carefully hidden from me. Lord & Taylor's petticoats, as pretty as anyone could ask, are $8.95 and $9.95 in the white embroidered muslin and $6.95 and $7.95 in solid-color chintzes, including white, brilliant red, turquoise, and a good range of boudoir pastels. —B. B.

•

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OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

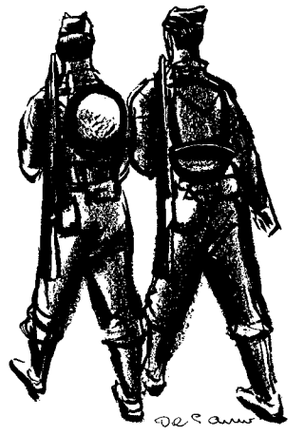
ÉVACUÉS À L'AMÉRICAINE

HENDERSONVILLE, N.C.
MAY 20, 1942

MY wife and I, the last motor tourists out of Boca Raton, Florida, before gas rationing went into effect, started north on May 11th. We had hung on, hoping that some provision would be made for tourists, until the Chamber of Commerce, painfully reversing its traditional technique, advised us to scram while the scramming was good.

Previously we had decided, because of our middle-aged tires, to spend the summer—or perhaps the rest of our lives—in the North Carolina mountains instead of going all the way back to New York. So, on the morning of the eleventh, we set out for Hendersonville. We wanted to get there before rationing started, in order to avoid having to use any of our allotment for travelling, and we figured that it would take us at least three days to make the trip at reduced speed. The single precaution we took before leaving was an illegal one. We bought a five-gallon can, had it filled with gas, and stowed it in the back of our car in case we should run into a dry spot on the way. Nearly everybody else, we discovered later, had taken a similar precaution.

The first morning on the road we saw other scrammers, from Miami and other points down the line. Their cars were piled high with luggage, quite obviously thrown in any old way in a mad scramble to get out. On running boards and tops there were overflow suitcases, bags, packages, baby carriages, and most of the paraphernalia of the full-fledged refugee.



The spirit of evacuation was on the road in a good many ways. The farther north the drivers had to go, the more worried and desperate they looked. At traffic-light stops and gas stations we talked with them. Most were planning to drive straight through, travelling all night. "I'll make it if my tires don't blow and hold me up," a Maine man said. "You think we'll get gas on the way?" a New Yorker asked me. When I said I thought so, he shook my hand fervently. "Brother, you make me feel good," he said.

We held our own pace down to the suggested forty miles an hour, and even so we felt that we were squandering our rubber. We didn't know what the other drivers felt as they burned the road to get home. The smell of hot rubber reached us as cars hissed past. (On the entire trip we passed only three cars, two of them wheezing jalopies driven by Negroes.) One man proudly said that he found holding his speed to sixty instead of seventy made driving much more restful.

A couple of hours after starting out we passed the first frightening sign saying "No Gas." Shortly afterward we came to the first welcome one announcing "Pump Working." We stopped there because we figured that we had used about five gallons and, like everybody else, we wanted to keep our tank from getting too low. To the attendant I spoke the magic American formula that had always produced positive results: "Fill her up."

"With high-test?" he asked, fingering the pump at which I had stopped. I nodded. He looked rather shocked, and murmured, "I got to ask the boss." He went in the station, and came out a few seconds later shaking his head. "No high-test," he said, "but plenty of regular." I took the regular, reflecting that the boss probably wasn't parting with any of his precious high-test to a casual motorist who came along but clearly was saving it for his pet customers.

We met varied receptions at the stations which were operating. One man said, "Maybe this ain't from the bottom of my heart, but it's from the bottom of my tank." Another looked indignant and said, "I could let you have five gallons, but I'm not going to. I'll give you three gallons. It's time you drivers got onto yourself. Look at you out there." He pointed to the speeding cars on the highway. "It's you done this to us. You're going to close a lot of us, including probably me. You brought it on. You wouldn't save your tires. You made the government do it for you by this rationing. Three gallons, that's all you get."

To this novel aspect of automobiling was added one that reminded us of the early days of the sport. We went hardly fifty miles at a stretch without seeing a car with a puncture, and in several of these instances tubes and casings were being repaired by the roadside where the calamity had occurred. Once again we saw hand pumps in action. Most of them were new.

Late in the afternoon we ran into a shower of rain and welcomed it (another novelty!), for we knew that road and tires would cool off, postponing the inevitable moment when we, too, would hear that dreadful bang or hiss bluntly announcing a descent to earth.

That night, in Jacksonville, it was strange to see bright lights again after having lived for several months on a nearly blacked-out coast. We had no trouble in filling our tank. The station operator to whom we humbly applied was willing, eager, and able to give complete service. He was the last of his kind. For the rest of the trip "Fill her up" no longer obtained results. The standard query was "Can you let me have five gallons?"

At a brand-new, luxurious tourist cottage camp which planned to go out of business the next day for want of passing patrons, opinion about the state of affairs was varied. A good deal of resentment was expressed about the way both gas rationing and its announcement had been managed. Some people thought that the whole thing was unnecessary, that it was simply being used to scare people into a greater consciousness of being at war. It was difficult to apply this contention to ourselves, for two nights before our Boca Raton house had been shaken and the windows rattled by the explosion of a torpedo going into a ship.

NEXT day we left the main route north, departing from the more frenzied company trying to make the Northeastern states in time. A few motorists came along our route, evidently planning to go west far enough to be out of the rationing area and then travel north to a point where they could reach home with a tankful and what they carried with them in containers. Nearly everybody had a five-gallon can of gas stowed away. A few people had several of these cans and one man had eight. The Middle Westerners affected not to be worried. "Once we get out of the Eastern states," they said rather loftily, "we'll be all right." At the same time they seemed anxious to leave the danger zone.

In Georgia the local people showed little sign of being bothered. We saw

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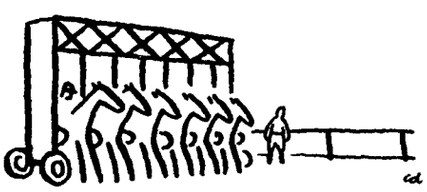
school buses loaded with adults, and, when we inquired the reason for this, were told they were being transported to a rationing board in order to save their tires. When asked what they thought of rationing, people generally replied, "Anything to win the war" or "If it'll help, I don't rightly see why we should kick." At Baxley one man boasted, "Not many been drafted hereabouts. Mostly we go of our own accord."

Farther on along Tobacco Road, now a broad, paved highway, a farmer sat in his car, whose two front tires, worn to the fabric, were held together by a curious contrivance of leather thongs reaching around the rim and into the casing. "They told me I could get new tires," he drawled, "but if the government needs them as all-fired bad as it says, I reckon I can get along for a spell the way I am. This gas thing is making me think of going back to horses anyway."

Many of the remote roadside gas stations were already closed down—had been ever since tire rationing went into effect. Roadside operators who were still open looked somewhat dazed. Most of them could see no chance of remaining in business; a few hoped to hang on, awaiting the bare chance that gas might soon be plentiful again.

In the cities we got gas without much trouble, though in Augusta, where we spent our second night, we wanted twelve gallons and had to shop around a little for it. There was no such thing as choosily keeping to one preferred brand of gas; you took what you could get. High-test was not to be found. Standard pumped in five gallons, telling us, "They about cleaned me out, everybody wanting to keep a full tank. Never sold so much gas in my life." Across the street, at Gulf, we asked for five more gallons. The operator pumped them into our tank. Then he said, "Hell, I might as well give you the rest. You'll get it at Cities Service on the other corner anyhow, and this way he can give it to somebody else." With reckless abandon, he squirted in two more gallons.

Through the rest of Georgia, the western tip of South Carolina, and in North Carolina, on Route 25, motor traffic had virtually disappeared. There



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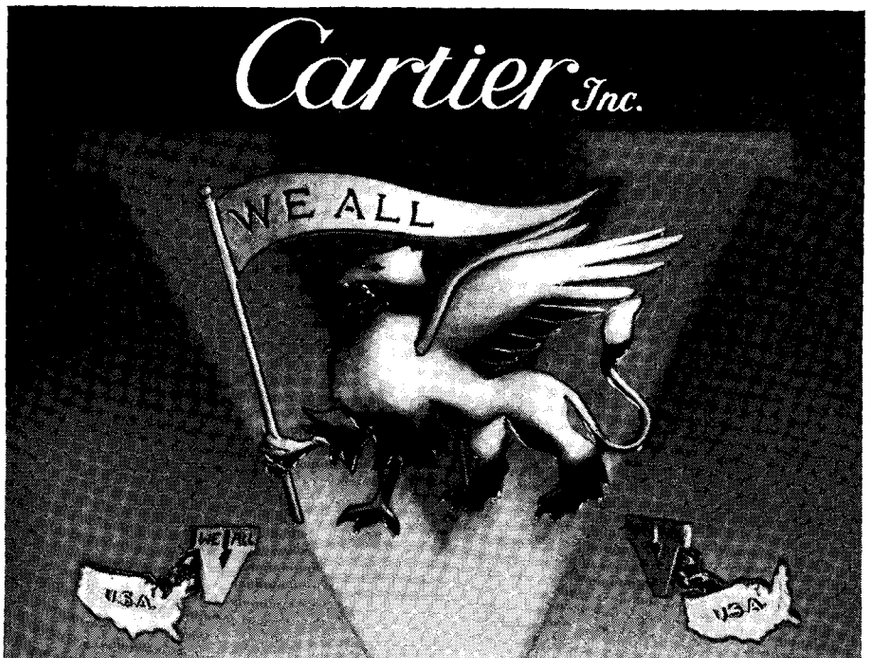

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were occasional trucks, buses, and delivery cars, but so few pleasure cars that each was something to remark about. We ourselves found people waving at us, even calling. We had become curiosities.

Farm wagons, which usually made their way with only left wheels on the concrete, were rolling along with all four wheels on the highway. Pushed off for many years, they were now returning to take possession. Some pedestrians didn't bother to move off the road at the sound of our horn but proceeded to stay where they were, as if they had become the superior and we the inferior beings. A number of traffic lights had found business so poor they had stopped working.

The road stretched, sometimes for twenty-five miles, through what could have been a deserted world. It was an automobilist's paradise, a condition previously only dreamed about. Yet the emptiness of the highway was frightening and awesome as well as exciting. It was lonely. After a time we wanted more people, more traffic. The snarling yell of kinship between motorists, "Why don't you look where you're going?," would have been welcome. We reached Hendersonville in the evening.

EVACUATION in American style became rather anticlimactic when, the following morning, we bought a Miami *Herald* of May 12th and a black headline screamed, "FLORIDA TOURISTS TO GET GAS FOR HOME TRIPS."

—THEODORE PRATT

•

The new promotion is based on a survey taken last year in five cities which showed, among other things, that what milk lacked was emotional appeal.—*Advertising Age.*

On the other hand, it doesn't make you feel bad the next day.

•

HE DROPPED INTO POETRY. $2.00 postpaid. Rhymes, verses, some poems on varying phases of nature and human nature. By Winthrop Packard. A well printed, attractively bound volume, a rather nice gift. You might even like to read it.—*From a book catalogue.*

Let's not carry this thing *too* far.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Bar Harbor Times*]

In closing Mrs. Knowles urged the Kiwanians to study changes taking place today—changes in neighborhoods, in cities, and in the world. She called attention to the effect on value of infiltration of undesirable racial elements, decentralization, blight in our older cities, and the Parking Problem.

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THE RACE TRACK

Better and Better

THIS is a late date for me to be going off the deep end about Alsab. I started slipping when he finished second in the Kentucky Derby. Taking one thing with another, his feat that afternoon was remarkable, for he looked so drawn and tired that the proper place for him seemed a rest farm. Then came his victory in The Preakness. And the Withers Mile at Belmont Park last weekend won me over entirely, because it's more of a trick to win a short race after running in long ones than the other way around.

There are two schools of thought about Alsab among men who watch horses critically. One is that he is an unfazable freak; the other is that the present collection of three-year-olds is not the most consistent ever seen. While these gentlemen fuss over those minor points, may I offer the opinion that Alsab is a good thing for The Belmont? In fact, I'm going to be surprised if he's beaten again this year.

Alsab really made winning the Withers too easy, which, after all, is the mark of a top horse. People who backed him (out of $312,280 wagered on the race, $142,466 was on the winner) might have fidgeted a bit while Bright Willie led for three-quarters of the way, but once Alsab got going even Fairaris wasn't dangerous. I daresay Alsab would have won as easily from Sun Again, Requested, Devil Diver, and Apache if they had run instead of being among last week's training casualties. It's doubtful that Devil Diver, who developed foot trouble, will run for The Belmont, as Mrs. Payne Whitney has a stouter candidate in Shut Out. Even if Apache is back in form, he won't go, for William Woodward, who has few illusions about his horses, is satisfied that this colt isn't up to running a mile and a half in such company.

ALTHOUGH Alsab is the best three-year-old, the handsomest I've come across is Sonny Whitney's Coat of Arms. As a matter of fact, he was a beauty last season, before he became a disappointment and a stable problem. It seems that he has had hip trouble ever since that gay little bumping match in the Hopeful Stakes last August. Nevertheless, he ran a first-rate mile and a furlong the other afternoon.

The more I think of the Juvenile Stakes, won by Suncap, the less most of the runners seem to have measured up to expectations. Perhaps that's because Joe Burger, who finished second, beat those behind him so easily. One exception is Hickory Head. He'll be better at six furlongs than five. Your form chart will show you how much ground he made up in the last quarter-mile.

BEFORE Bath fell in the Appleton Memorial at Belmont the other day, all the paddock sharps had whispered that he was the best thing over fences since Good and Plenty thirty-five years ago. That seemed a large order, but the tip fooled most of us neatly. Then, after Redlands took command, everybody remembered that when the late Thomas Hitchcock was training both animals, he preferred Redlands to Bath.

Diogenes Checkpoints' survey of new owners shows that the youngest campaigning a jumper is Miss Ella Widener, who is fourteen. Some months ago, her father, Peter A. B. Widener, gave her Iron Shot, and she's had the time of her life ever since. Iron Shot, who once finished second in the Jockey Club Gold Cup, won his first start in her colors at the Radnor Hunt, and was fourth, after much bad luck, at Belmont the other day. For a week before Iron Shot ran this time, Miss Widener tried to wangle a holiday from school, but her mother decided that education came first, and there was no photofinish to the debate.

The youngest owner of a race horse is Miss Cleo Pelleteri, who is nineteen months old. On her first birthday, her father gave her a two-year-old filly named Bostonite. Bostonite ran in Cleo's name at New Orleans last winter, but hasn't raced here because Mrs. Pelleteri can't make up her mind about the combination of colors she wants to register for her daughter's racing jacket.

WEEKEND PARLAY: Whirlaway in the Suburban and a two-million-dollar day at Belmont.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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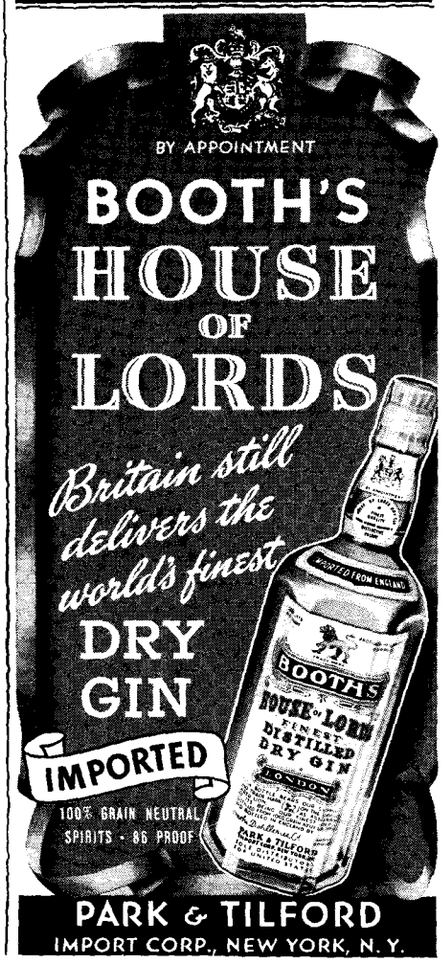

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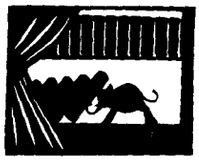
BOOKS

The Madhouse—The Fall of France



THESE days you often hear Washington characterized as a "madhouse." The characterizers generally utter the word as if it were exquisitely witty and also as if it measured the yawning gap that separates them from the goings on in the capital. To all such sniffy folk, Democrats or Republicans, I commend W. M. Kiplinger's fattish, lively, fact-crammed "Washington Is *Like* That." It explains why Washington seems daffy and why at the same time it is the pulsating heart of the world to come—a world in which those who cry "Madhouse" feel themselves premonitorily ill at ease.

Washington is like that because it is suddenly forced to do three things at once: act as the focus of an offensive war effort for which the country was not prepared, conduct a bloodless domestic revolution, and develop into the planning centre for a postwar world whose outlines are dim and shifting. The silliness, the boondoggling, the conversational looseness, the inefficiency—they are all there, but they are growing pains, the awkwardnesses that come of shouldering too much responsibility too quickly.

Mr. Kiplinger is a journalist whose weekly Washington newsletter to people rich enough to afford it is famous for its hardheadedness and objectivity. He is neither New nor Old Deal, but he has a certain natural bias in favor of his clients, who are largely businessmen. His report on the city he knows so well, therefore, is not likely to be sentimental or optimistic. It is apt to be the truth, as far as mere observation can reveal the truth.

The coverage is almost too complete. The President, the White House, the Army and Navy, the State Department, the morale bureaus, the ordinary citizens, the Civil Service workers, the press, the farm and labor lobbies, the Supreme Court, Congress, women in Washington, lawyers in Washington, the trade associations, G-men, the Government Printing Office, social Washington—these are only half of the subjects covered.

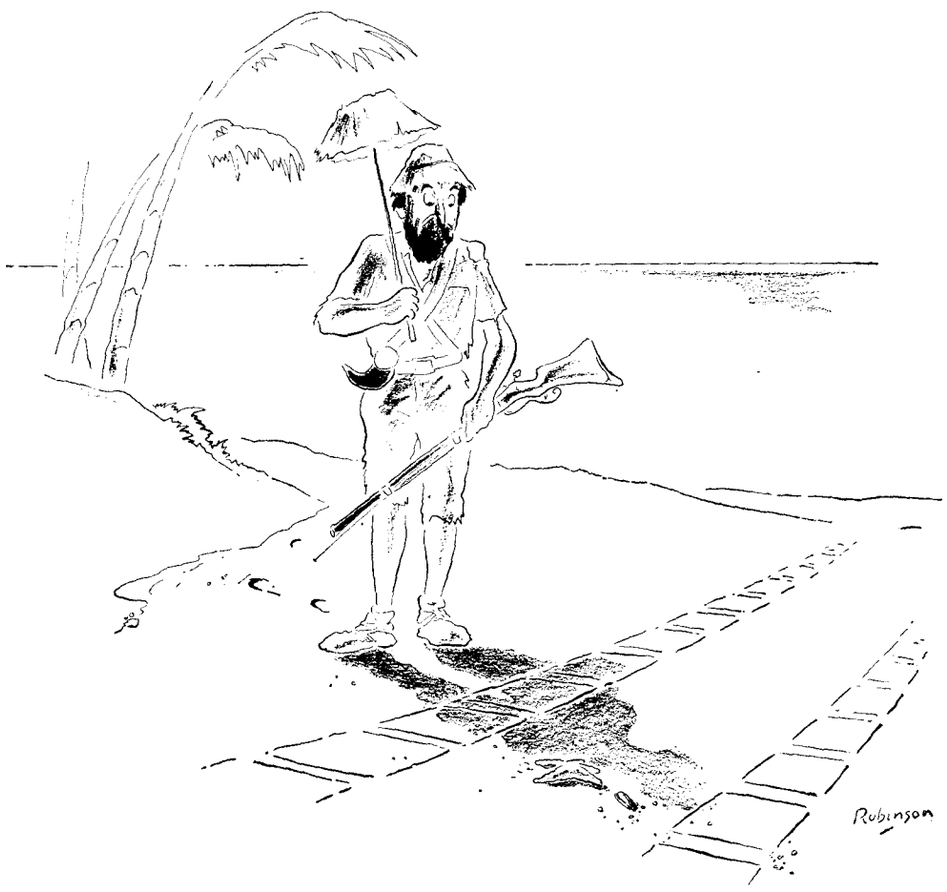
Mr. Kiplinger has put in everything, and as a result his book is formless and in part rather trivial. At times, as in the chapter on women in Washington, we get little more than lists of names, including many obvious nonentities. Another minor failing is Mr. Kiplinger's wholesale tolerance; he cannot find it in his heart to say a nasty thing about any of the hundreds of people he mentions, many of whom are fools, some of whom are knaves.

But these are small matters. His book does what it sets out to do: "help people to look Washington square in the face, on a level, with both eyes, and see inside it as it really is." The essence of his realistic inside view is that Washington is the core of the more-government-in-everything movement. Washington is no longer an uncle but a papa. It is assuming the responsibilities of increasing socialization at the same time that it is trying to preserve a wide margin of individual initiative. It will go on doing this when Mr. Roosevelt is gone. It will go on doing this even if a non-New Dealer is elected in 1944. It will go on doing this because it cannot help it. That seems to be the basic theme of Mr. Kiplinger's book.

VLADIMIR POZNER's "The Edge of the Sword" is another telling account of the French disaster, comparable to those we have had from such men as Hans Habe and Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. The author, clearly an exceptionally talented reporter, chose to cast his experiences of May and June, 1940, into the novel form. This was a mistake, as any reader will see, but the mistake by no means ruins the book, though it gives the thing a fuzzy, unsatisfactory outline.

This is a story of negative occurrences, of retreats, evacuations, flights, blunders, misunderstandings. One of the major episodes has to do with a tank and its heroic crew—a tank not in action but in retreat, a tank trying to save itself from the Nazi encirclement. Another episode describes the shameful flight of a French colonel, one of the aristocracy at whose door Pozner, who was a People's Frontist and writes from that viewpoint, lays the fall of his country. Even the most moving scene in the book—the birth of a child in a forest, with seven truck-drivers acting as midwives—has its negative aspect; it is concluded by a Nazi bomb that kills both mother and newborn infant.

To relieve this picture of misery and muddle, Pozner has little to offer except his faith in the common peo-



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ple, the common people to whom the French military refused to issue arms for fear they would revolt. Out of these betrayed and bewildered folk a new France will arise, he thinks. Certainly it will not arise out of any other class, as Laval has proved.

The translation, an excellent one, is by Haakon M. Chevalier. Mr. Chevalier is also the translator of Malraux, whose technique Pozner to some extent has adopted.

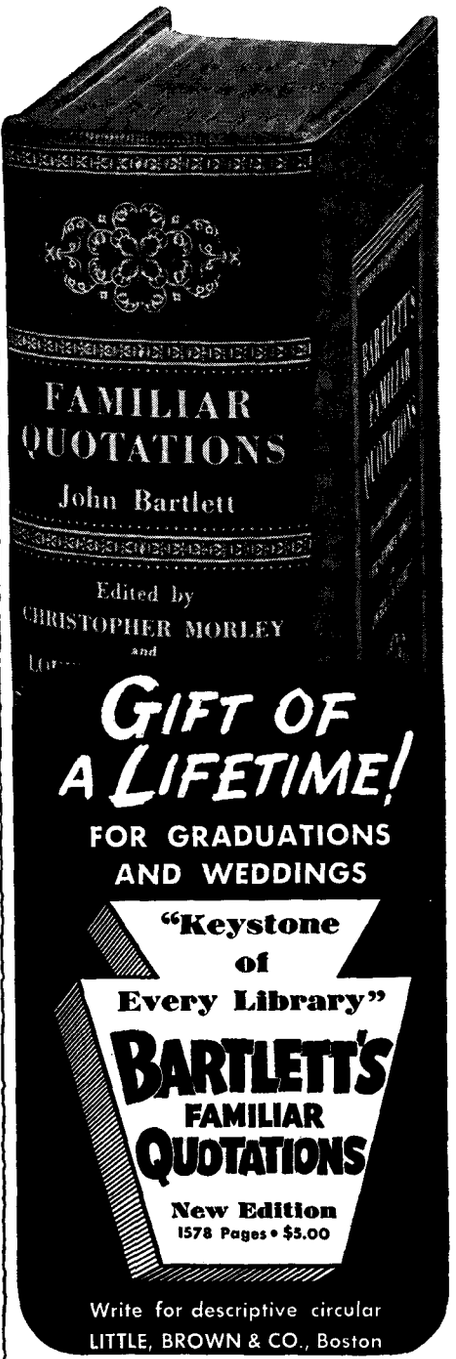
M. F. K. Fisher writes about food as others do about love, but rather better. I have long urged upon my readers the savory pleasures of her two earlier books, "Serve It Forth" and "Consider the Oyster." Now comes "How to Cook a Wolf" (the one at your door), which should appeal with equal force to rationed housewives and fanciers of lively prose. Mrs. Fisher can be witty on the subject of boiling an egg, but she never allows the play of her mind to obscure her practical good sense. I commend her little book to all who are still intent on living "most agreeably in a world full of an increasing number of disagreeable surprises."

Mrs. Fisher, to take her at her bleakest, will explain how you and your stomach can exist for a week on fifty cents. But she is also full of good and less ascetic ideas on what to do with pigeons and rabbits. She drops the sagest hints on the proper wartime feeding of your pussy or your Peke; she pays warm tribute to that underestimated dish, polenta; she offers recipes for cooking the hearts of bulls; she can describe a hot cereal in a way to make your mouth water; and she offers apt counsel on practical meals under blackout conditions.

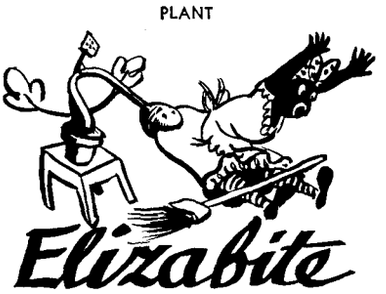
Any dull home-economics expert can tell you how to economize on food. Mrs. Fisher tells you how to economize and enjoy the result, which is quite another matter. When you finish this book you can hardly wait to get your teeth into a wolf.

A FEW months ago the *Atlantic Monthly* published a tale called "At Sallygap," by Mary Lavin, a young Irish-American writer. I think any sensitive reader who chanced upon it should have recognized in Miss Lavin a modest oasis in the rather dreary waste of the contemporary short story.

Lord Dunsany, in an introduction to Miss Lavin's book of ten Irish "Tales from Bective Bridge," which is now on the stands, speaks of them as "the work of a master." They are hardly that, but they do have at times an in-



THE ADVENTURES OF A CARNIVOROUS PLANT



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tensity and a charm reminiscent of Synge. They have nothing to do with the war, or, indeed, with any aspect of the present. Peasants, fishermen, grocery clerks, and priests are their men and women, glimpsed at brief but critical moments in their lives. Occasionally Miss Lavin tries too hard and her narrative becomes opaque, but not too often. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

AND NOW TOMORROW, by Rachel Field. An American girl looks back over her first twenty-five years. She was born among the best people of the town, went to school, fell in love, got engaged, and suddenly became deaf. With this affliction, the plot thickens; the heroine discovers who her true friends are and whom she really likes. Not much lift to this, but it's capably done.

HURRICANE CAYE, by Margaret Shedd. A sophisticated, complicated, and stylistically elaborate story of love in the tropics—the Central American jungle, in fact. The heroine is loved by three men; there are a couple of other love affairs, too. Mr. William Saroyan finds Miss Shedd "one of the truly remarkable writers of our time."

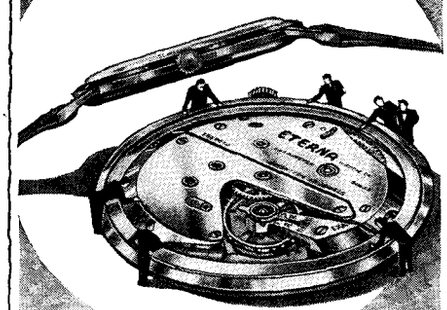
UNTIL THE DAY BREAK, by Louis Bromfield. Mr. Bromfield, it is to be feared, tossed this one off straight at Hollywood. Paris in the early days of the German occupation: American girl who does a part in a naked revue; German officer, cold, correct, cruel; underground activity; and so on. You'll be glad to know that the German officer is nicely taken care of in the end.

THE COMMANDOS, by Elliott Arnold. A story of England's Foreign Legion, with many details, dramatic, astonishing, and brutal, of their activities, particularly in Norway. The heroine is a Norwegian girl. A German officer loves her. And he is nicely taken care of, too.

FLOODS OF SPRING, by Henry Bellamann. The grim life story of a man who thinks he can make the world over by hard work, hard dealing, and unrelenting rectitude. It all turns out pretty badly. The scene is near the Missouri River, which Mr. Bellamann has already celebrated in "Kings Row." This one, however, is just a ready-made job, not up to standard.

PUT OUT MORE FLAGS, by Evelyn

FOR MEN WHO LOOK UNDER THE HOOD



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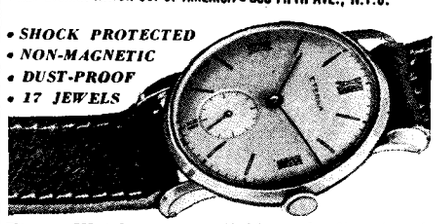

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Waugh. Mr. Waugh knows—or one would prefer to think he had invented—a class of idle, hollow, old-school-tie Englishmen and Englishwomen, who chatter and cheat their brittle way through the first year of the current war. Mr. Waugh remarks that they are a class that is dying out. A good thing, too.

MR. PAN, by Emily Hahn. Sketches of a most civil gentleman of China, who, though some of his actions may seem rather odd at times, is nevertheless quite neighborly and not in the least "inscrutable." Much of this book has already appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE WIND BLEW FROM THE EAST, by Ferner Nuhn. First volume in a proposed trilogy on American culture. At one cultural extreme, the author thinks, is what may be called the Eyes Front, or Home Folks, School—the westward orientation, our real native traditions; at the other is the Head Over the Shoulder, or Lot's Wife, School, which looks back toward Europe, sometimes with delusions of aristocracy. This installment takes up the backtrackers. The studies of Henry James, Henry Adams, and T. S. Eliot are sharp and fresh, though not quite first rate, and, except perhaps for the James one, too special and literary to bear out the theme. However, the real core of the book, a series of general observations on our democratic ideas in action, is probably as original and striking as anything we've had in a long time. Done in good, homely, Middle Western prose.

FORWARD THE NATION, by Donald Culross Peattie. One of the primary events in our long westward march (see above), the Lewis and Clark expedition, but especially the story of Sacajawea, the young Shoshone woman who guided the explorers as Malinche guided Cortés. Mr. Peattie's moving, nature-wise prose helps to keep things vivid, though it is perhaps over-romantic in general. Some of the dialogue, too, sounds like the lines of a historical pageant.

THE WORLD AT MY FINGER TIPS, by Karsten Ohnstad. Autobiography of a nice, intelligent young Middle Westerner who lost his sight and went about making a new world for himself as calmly and good-naturedly as you might butter a parsnip. A pleasant book, in which the author

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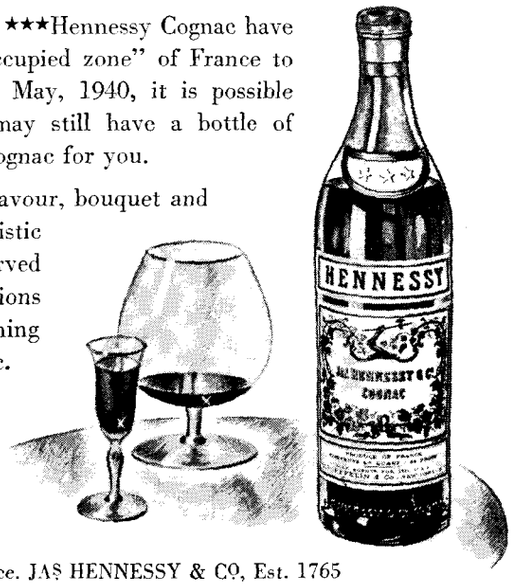

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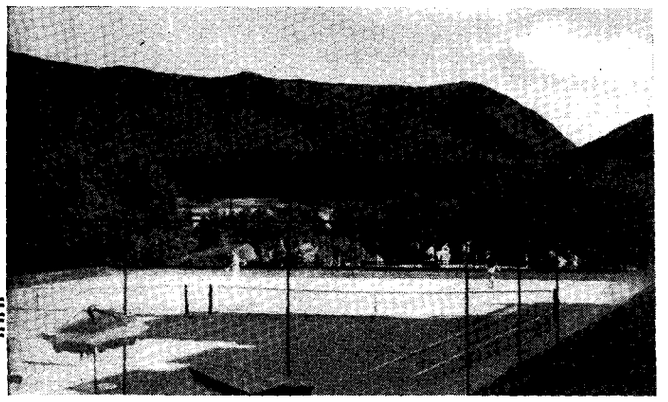

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makes light—not to say light comedy—of his predicament. Illustrated.

WHAT THE CITIZEN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT CIVILIAN DEFENSE, by Walter D. Binger and Hilton H. Railey. We've had lots of more or less authoritative civilian-defense handbooks and perhaps too few good, solid technical jobs on the subject. This book falls somewhere in between—a competent general discussion of bomb, gas, and germ warfare against civilians and the methods of protection from it. Most of the material is familiar and based on British practice. Illustrated.

FIGHTING FLEETS, by Critchell Rimington. A poor man's "Jane's Fighting Ships," corrected to March 1, 1942: diagrams, text, data, and more than 300 photographs covering the naval types and classes of the major sea powers, in addition to sections on our naval aircraft and Coast Guard. Introduction by Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, Jr., U.S.N., retired.

THE KNIGHT OF EL DORADO, by Germán Arciniegas, translated by Mildred Adams. The life of Don Gonzalo de Quesada, discoverer of what is now Colombia, who may or may not have been the prototype of Cervantes' Don Quixote, though offhand there doesn't seem to be much resemblance. Done with a good deal of imaginative lyricism, but at times too informal and hard to follow. Respectable translation.

THE ROARING LAND, by Archie Binns. Growing up with the State of Washington—a blend of reminiscence, observation, and history about Puget Sound and the Columbia River, cities, timberland, desert, orchards, and mountains. A good job of its kind, but neither circumstantial enough to give us any adequate detail on Grand Coulee Dam, for example, nor detached enough to make much out of the broad social movements that built up this still developing frontier. Photographs.

FLIGHT TO FREEDOM, by Barbara Padowicz, in collaboration with Lenore Sorsby. You may have noticed long ago that escape stories seem to be as representative of our period as travellers' tales were of the Elizabethan. This one is a fairly artless, not too grim example: the account of an upper-class Polish woman who, after the Russians invaded her country, fled over the Carpathian snows into Hungary with her six-year-old son and crossed Yugoslavia, Italy, Spain, and Portugal on her way to Brazil. Simple and readable.

VERSE

SPILT MILK, by Morris Bishop. Verses of a light order—including many a limerick from these pages—by this versatile professor, author of a life of Pascal and of much grave historical research.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BLACK ORCHIDS, by Rex Stout. Two short mysteries about Nero Wolfe, the ponderous New York detective. In the first, Wolfe acquires some orchids as payment for solving a murder at the Flower Show, and in the second he sends a bouquet of them to the funeral of one of his clients, who has been murdered. Well-written light entertainment.

THE YELLOW TAXI, by Jonathan Stagge. Two beautiful young girls die and a third one is pushed down a steep hill before Dr. Westlake and his old friend Inspector Cobb discover that the sinister man in the yellow taxi is more sinned against than sinning. Nice story, made utterly delightful by one of the most enchanting children in fiction, Dr. Westlake's daughter Dawn, who has the clue to the mystery from the start.

BLOOD ON HER SHOE, by Medora Field. Ann Carroll, an interior decorator, goes to a houseparty on an island off the coast of Georgia. Twin sisters are murdered, and Miss Carroll traps their murderer almost accidentally. Exciting and well constructed.

• •

THE WAY OUT

It is not enough to analyze and answer "What" and "Why" but we must attempt to find the "How." How can we clear this moral muddle? We can find our way out by admitting we are muddled. The problems of our day, economic depression, war and relief panaceas have dulled the moral sense of many. We have lost our way, let us admit it. With Paul we can say, "I do not understand what I am doing."—*Calendar of the Epworth Methodist Church, Toledo.*

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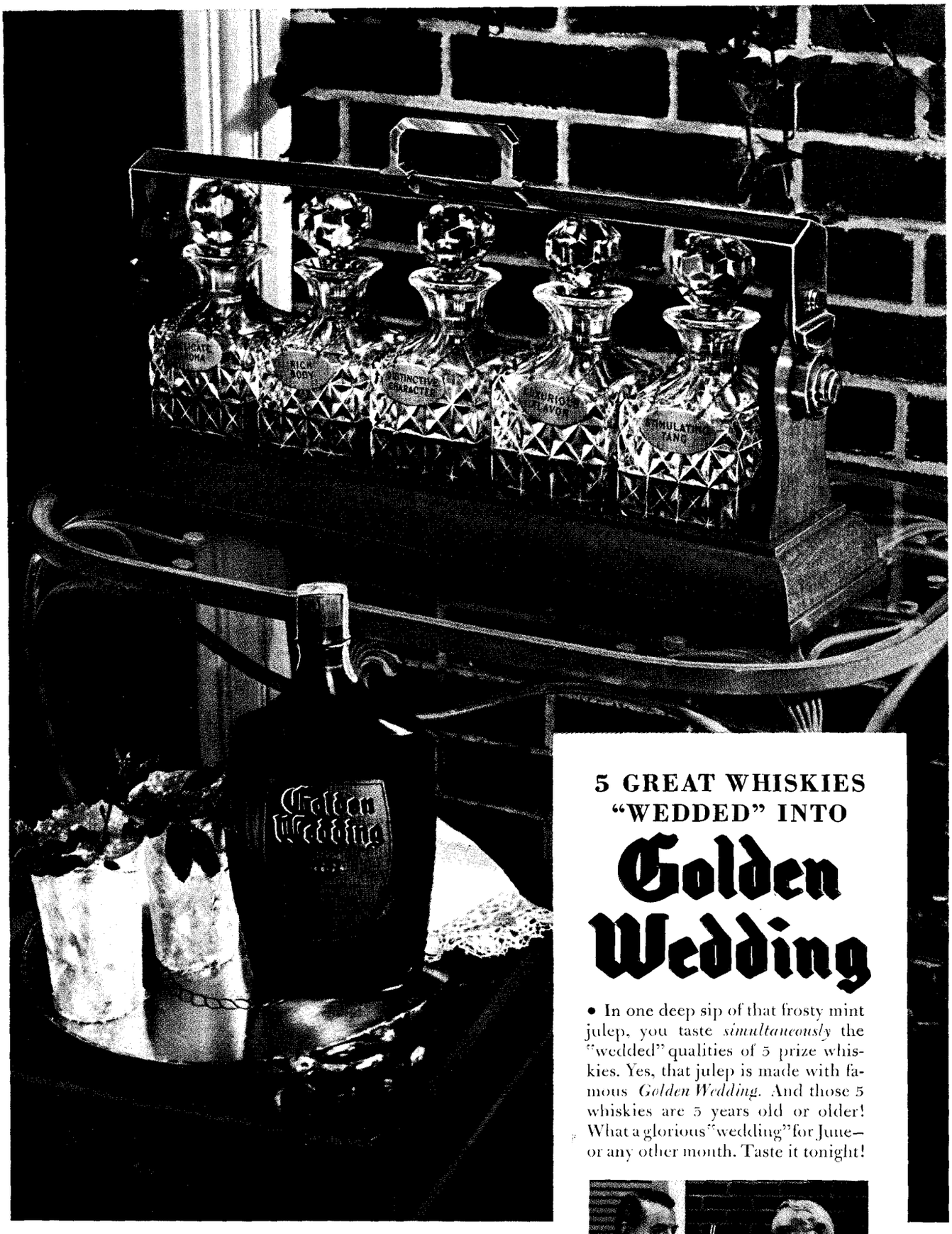

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